THE MAN WHO TRIED THE TOWNSEND PLAN by CHANNING POLLOCK

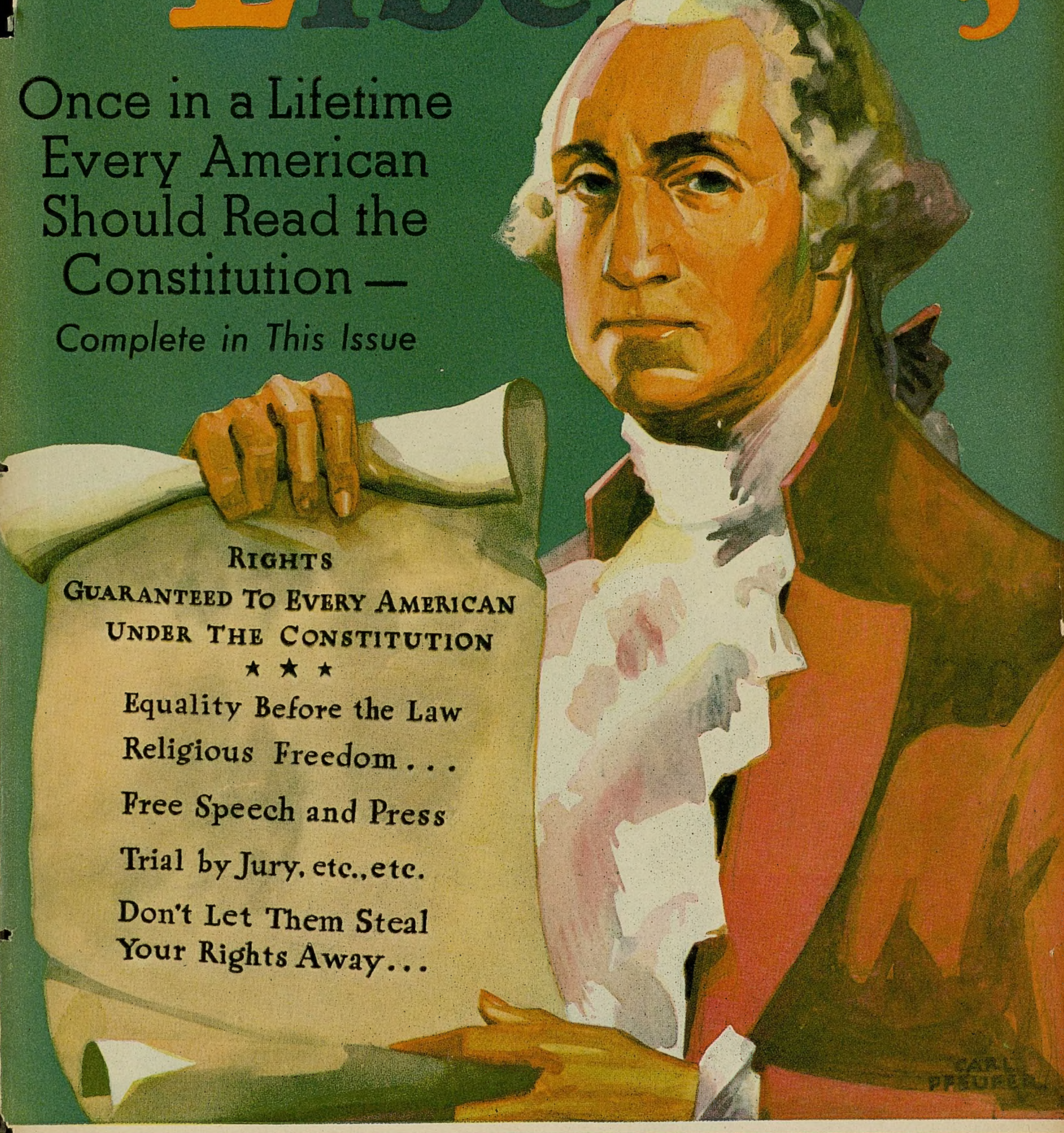
FEB. 29, 1936

Liberty

5¢

Once in a Lifetime Every American Should Read the Constitution —

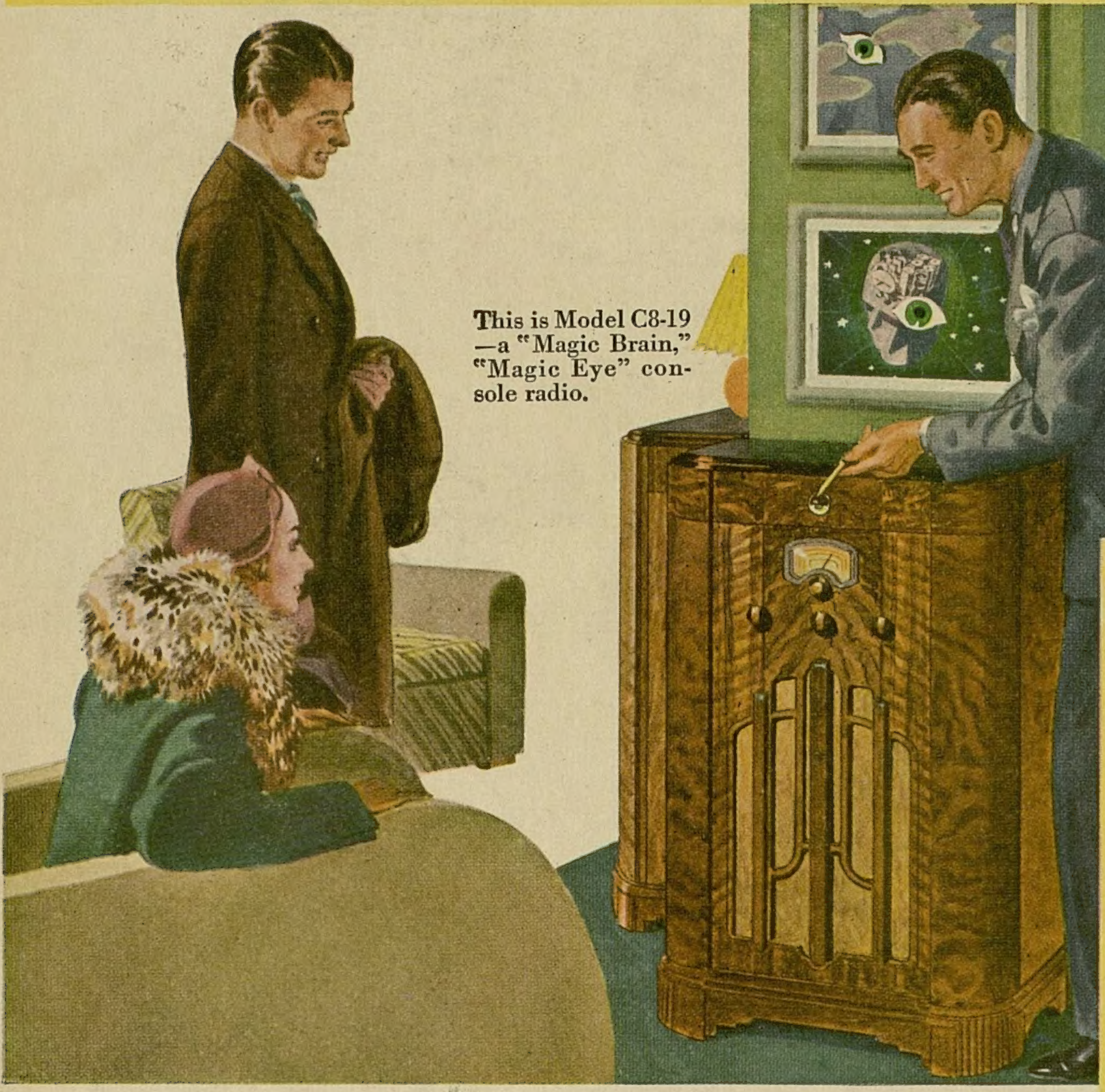
Complete in This Issue


RIGHTS
GUARANTEED TO EVERY AMERICAN
UNDER THE CONSTITUTION
★ ★ ★
Equality Before the Law
Religious Freedom . . .
Free Speech and Press
Trial by Jury, etc., etc.
Don't Let Them Steal
Your Rights Away . . .
CARL PFEUFER

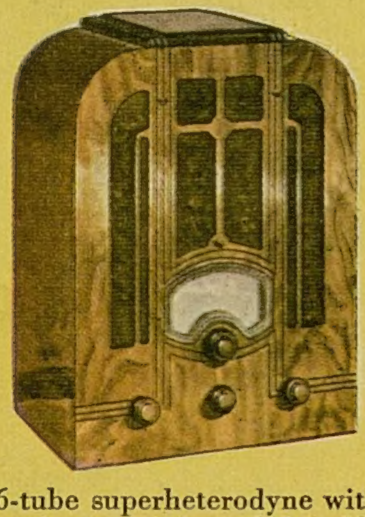
MUST A SECRETARY HAVE SEX APPEAL? by FAITH BALDWIN

$89.95* buys this RCA Victor Console with

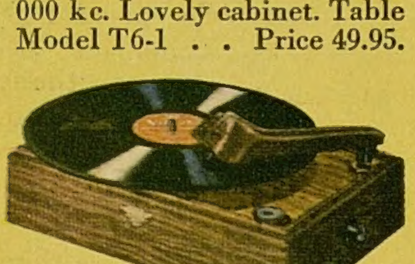
"Magic Brain"—"Magic Eye"—Metal Tubes



This is Model C8-19 —a "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye" console radio.



6-tube superheterodyne with tuning range from 540 to 18,000 kc. Lovely cabinet. Table Model T6-1 . . Price 49.95.



Enjoy the music you want when you want it. This inexpensive RCA Record Player converts any A-C radio into an electric phonograph. $16.50

Hear foreign stations, or American broadcasts—as you please

Enjoy silent, accurate "Magic Eye" tuning. Clear, sweet high notes. Full, rich basses. Always a colorful, accurate report of exactly what the microphone hears, always the true RCA Victor Tone. Your family deserves this fine entertainment. Let your RCA Victor dealer tell you how, for a few cents a day, you can own a real "Magic Brain" radio. RCA Mfg. Co., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America.

Prices subject to change without notice, from $19.95 up *f.o.b. Camden, N.J., including home, automobile, farm radios and radio-phonographs.

THE "MAGIC EYE" is an RCA *extra*. By watching the "shadow" in this electric "eye" you tune your set visually, *silently* and more accurately than you can by ear, to the exact point of best reception.

You can now buy these sets on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes! Listen to RCA Magic Key Program, every Sunday 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T., on WJZ and associated NBC stations.

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

RCA Victor

A June Bride of 1955 can take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

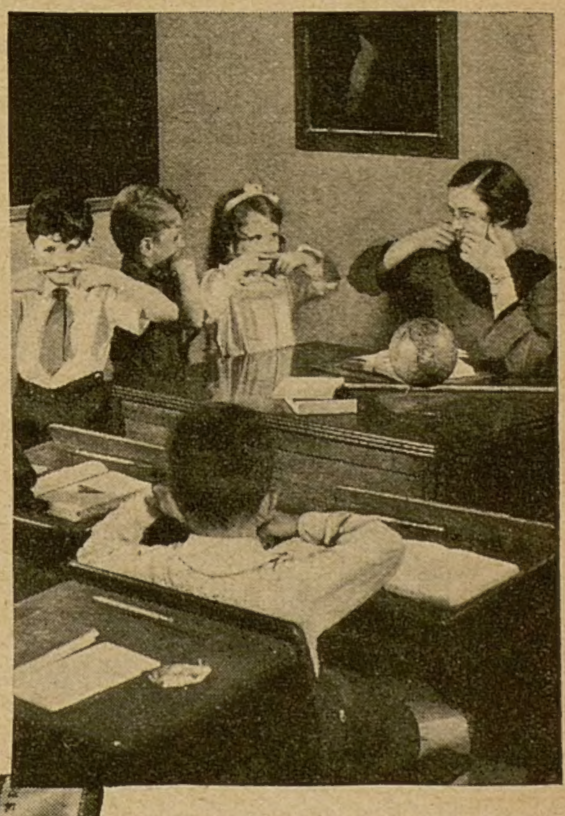
ON THE "day of days" she'll have a smile as clear and lovely as any woman that lives. Dental science says she will. Her teacher—who taught her "Ipana and massage"—says she will. And the actual experience of millions of parents with Ipana and massage confirms these assertions.

Do *you* safeguard your own health and good looks as wisely? Remember that "pink tooth brush" is more than an unpleasant condition of dingy teeth and tender gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a serious dental warning. And your dentist says: "Never ignore it."

The reason is simple. The soft foods everyone eats nowadays do *not* exercise the gums properly. Gums get lazy, flabby, ailing. And when that warning tinge of "pink" appears upon your brush—it's a sign that you're an immediate prospect for Ipana and massage.

Ipana and massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For a little extra Ipana rubbed into your gums every time you brush your teeth brings new circulation into the gum walls. They feel stronger, better, healthier. They feel more alive because they *are* more alive.

Ipana is especially made to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. So begin today to avoid serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease—with this sensible and easy treatment for oral health, Ipana and massage.



- Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

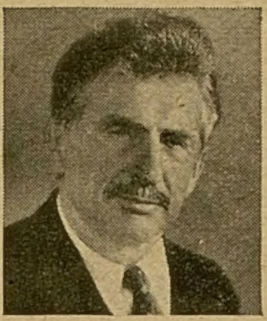
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

FEBRUARY 29, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 9

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Uphold the Constitution—Enforce the Laws



BERNARR MACFADDEN

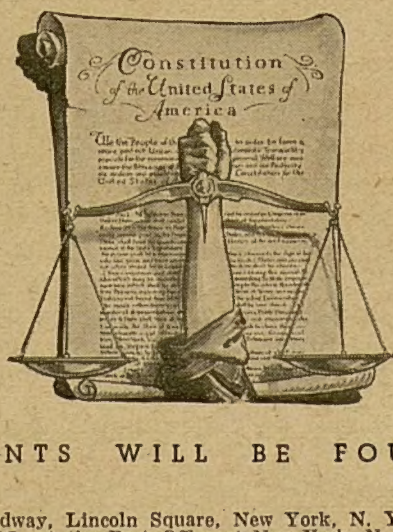
THE above title clearly indicates two outstanding governmental responsibilities. They should stand over and above everything else. Intelligent patriotic citizens who have assisted in building and sustaining this truly wonderful country expect our officials to give their attention first and foremost to these grave responsibilities.

And have the officials of this administration made appropriate efforts to uphold the Constitution? Have they extended to the principles presented in this important document the respect that it justly deserves?

We all know there has been a deliberate attempt to place laws on our statute books which they believed in advance to be out of harmony with our governmental principles. We have even heard of high officials sneering at the authority set up to keep us within the limits of constitutional government.

And have our laws been enforced with the proper degree of authority and determination? At the beginning of the Roosevelt regime we had the record of being the most lawless nation on the face of the earth, and although there seems to be an improvement in the record of major crimes such as kidnaping, some authorities maintain that crime in general is on the increase, that the latest record shows that the cost of crime in this country has increased nearly a billion dollars in the last year.

Governmental officials are inclined caustically to criticize business men generally for their lack of confidence—for their failure to go ahead and promote business in every possible way.


Constitution of the United States of America

But stable citizens, in or out of business, who are intelligent and conscientious must be convinced that their inalienable rights as citizens will be properly protected. And when they have an administration which belittles the form of government under which we have grown into a great and powerful nation, they naturally fear for the future. They can hardly avoid following a policy of watchful waiting or even retrenchment.

When the present administration assumed the responsibility of guiding the affairs of this government, their courageous attitude was everywhere applauded. Business men regained confidence and there was a gradual improvement until the NRA was inaugurated. This revolutionary venture called a halt in the progress toward recovery. Although it was supposed to harmonize the difficulties between capital and labor we had more violent strikes during this period than at any time within the history of this country. And it was not until the United States Supreme Court annulled this vicious legislation that business executives regained confidence and business started on the upgrade.

If the big business leaders of this country were to be convinced beyond all possible doubt that they would not be hampered and restricted by unjust taxes, that their profits from their efforts and investments would come to them *in toto*, less a reasonable income tax, and that the laws of the land would be enforced not against a class, whether rich or poor, but against everybody alike, there would be billions of dollars released that are now being hoarded in banks, in low-interest bonds, and other investments that are considered safe regardless of governmental fantasies.

We have become the leaders of the world commercially. Here it is where luxuries have been cheapened until they have become necessities. But when governmental officials treat our constitutional form of government with discredit and fail to make the efforts essential to wipe out our disgraceful record in law enforcement, big business can hardly be blamed for the lack of confidence which has been the real cause of our prolonged depression.

Bernarr Macfadden

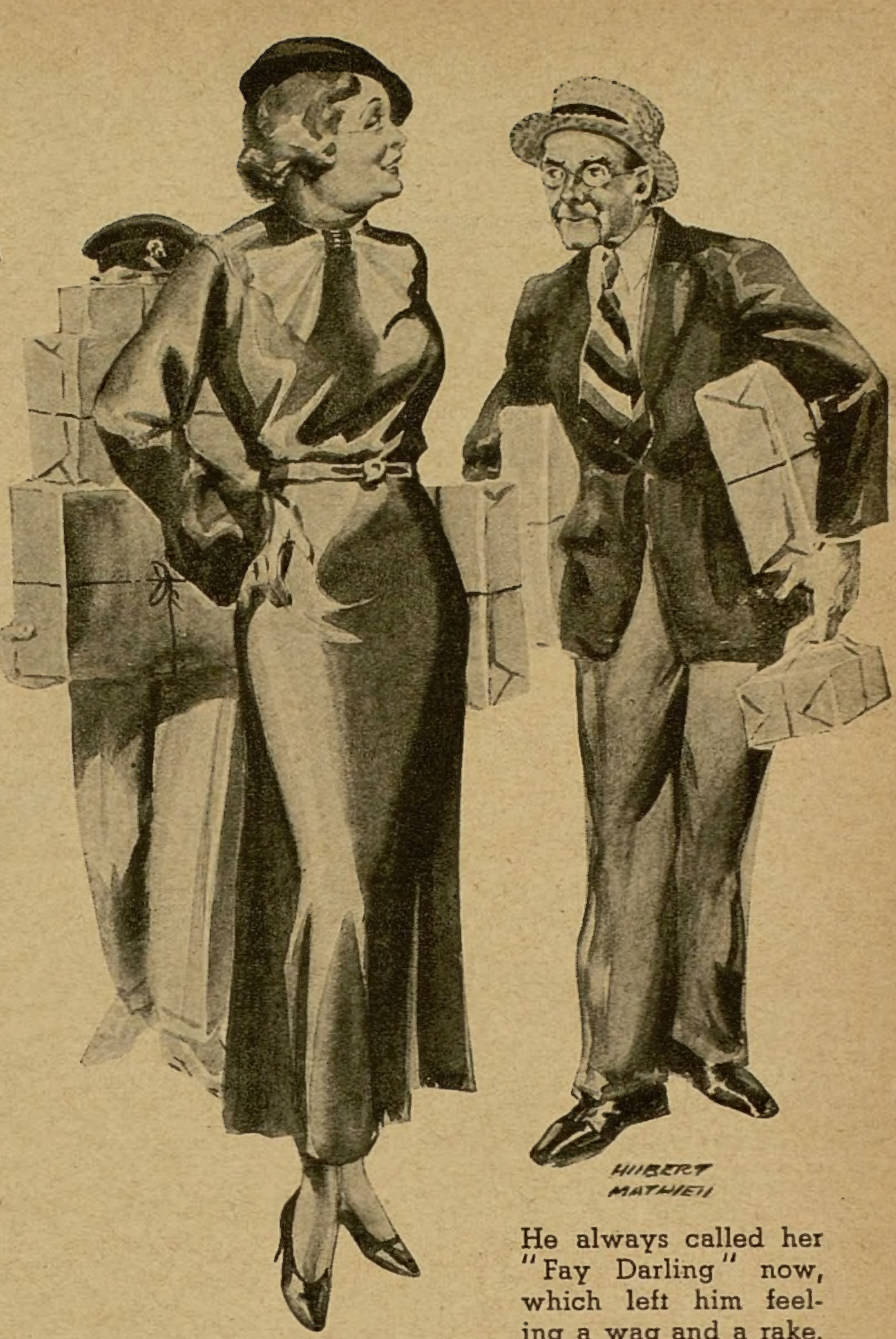
TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not [illegible] esponsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

The Man who tried the TOWNSEND PLAN

A Lively Story of Leisure, $200 a Month, and What CAN Happen When Dreams Suddenly Come True

by CHANNING POLLOCK



He always called her "Fay Darling" now, which left him feeling a wag and a rake.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THE alarm clock woke Mr. Jordan, as it had done every morning but Sunday for forty-five years, and he dressed and went down to breakfast.

Mrs. Jordan was grumbling. Nothing unusual—she'd done it for years.

Somehow there never was anything unpleasant about Mrs. Jordan's grumbling. It was too impersonal for that. For what she "had to put up with," she blamed the weather and the Fates and, chiefly, Henry E. Herkimer, her husband's employer at the Marine National Bank of Port Jefferson, but she never blamed Mr. Jordan, so he didn't mind. As a matter of fact, she held Elisha to be more sinned against than herself.

"Why we have to have breakfast before daylight is more than I can understand."

"It isn't before daylight, Leona."

"Well, that's only because it's summer. Most of the year it's pitch dark when I put the coffee on. Henry Herkimer doesn't get to the bank at eight o'clock, I'll be bound."

"Henry doesn't have to unlock the doors, and straighten up the desks, and everything."

"For sixty dollars a month," Mrs. Jordan said drearily.

"Sixty dollars goes a long way in this little burg."

Apparently it did. The Jordan house, which had belonged to Elisha's father, and stood halfway up the hill between the town and the railway station, was old-fashioned but solid and comfortable. The furniture was worn but inviting. When you leaned back in the big chair in the parlor, with your pipe in your mouth, as Mr. Jordan did almost every evening, you didn't have to worry about its hind legs or yours. There was no mortgage on the place, either. Never had been. Elisha's father had lived in a day when you bought only what you could pay for, and paid for it. "What I can't have I don't want," Elisha, senior, used to say. But his daughter-in-law was more modern.

"You ought to be ashamed of those shoes, 'Lisha."

"Well, I can't get another pair now."

"And your teeth. The idea of a grown man having to live on gruel and chopped vegetables! If we had what's coming to us—"

"Who from?" Elisha asked.

"From the same place everybody else is getting it: from the gover'ment. A gover'ment ought to look out for its citizens, and this one's doing it. There was a lady in here yesterday telling me about the Townsend Plan—"

"What's that?"

"It's an idea for giving everybody two hundred dollars a month. Everybody over sixty years old, that is, and you were sixty last birthday."

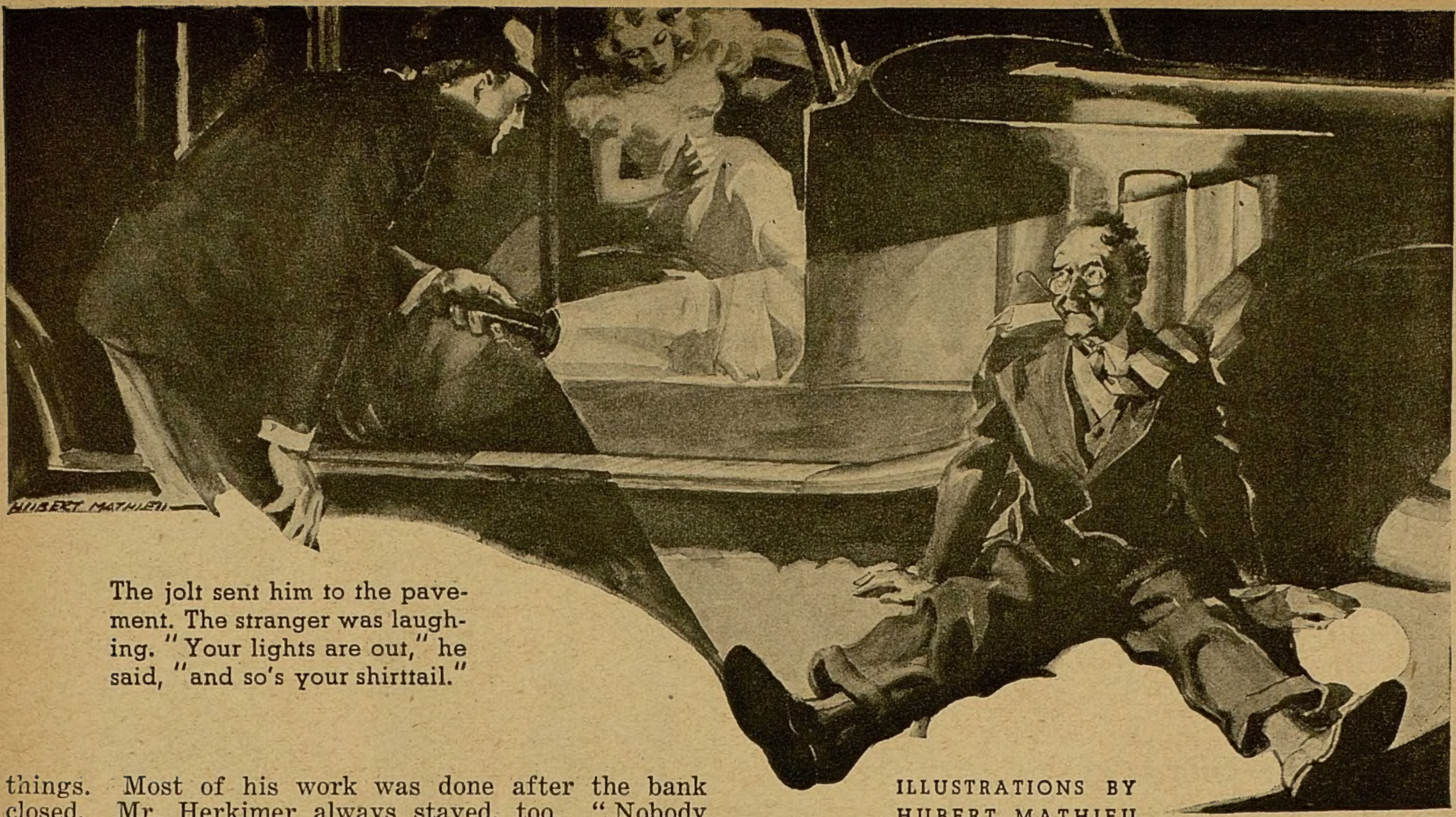
"What do you have to do for the two hundred?"

"Just vote for it. Then you sit back and take it easy, and the gover'ment hands you a check every four weeks. All you got to do is spend it the same month you get it."

"Shucks!" Mr. Jordan remarked. "How could you spend two hundred dollars every month?"

"Well, I joined the club. They got thirty million followers, this lady said. And she left me a book about it. You better look into it."

Mr. Jordan looked into it that afternoon—and almost every subsequent afternoon during the early summer. Afternoons were Elisha's best time for looking into



The jolt sent him to the pavement. The stranger was laughing. "Your lights are out," he said, "and so's your shirttail."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

things. Most of his work was done after the bank closed. Mr. Herkimer always stayed, too. "Nobody ever suggested an eight-hour day for the bosses," Mr. Herkimer said.

He was a grim old gentleman whose sense of humor was buried so deep that it never rose to his lips or his eyes—but it was there all the same. He was the tallest and richest man in Port Jefferson. He had thin ears and a long face, with a scrubby white mustache, and little wrinkles at the back of his neck, and graying hair brushed in four directions, and he and Elisha had gone to school together. That was why, when Elisha wanted to look into anything, he began—and usually ended—with Mr. Herkimer.

"This here now Townsend Plan—"

Elisha was wiping the glass shelf in front of the teller's barred window, and Mr. Herkimer was at his desk, the other side of it.

"Don't tell me you never heard of that before."

"No, I didn't, but Leona says there are thirty million people in favor of it, and they're going to get two hundred dollars a month."

"Where are they going to get it from?"

"The gover'ment."

"Where's the gover'ment going to get it?"

ELISHA didn't know. It had never occurred to him that governments had to *get* money.

"Everybody'll have everything they want, won't they?"

Mr. Herkimer picked up his pen.

"Nobody'll ever have everything he wants, 'Lisha. And, if anybody ever does, it won't be money that got it for him."

You couldn't argue that statement with Henry E. Herkimer; not if you knew what was back of it. Not if you thought of Henry E. living alone in his big house, with five servants, and innumerable pictures of his dead wife and son. The boy had had everything. Elisha remembered the big blue sport car that he used to drive from one roadhouse to another. He had been killed in that car one night when there had been too many roadhouses.

Mrs. Jordan became active in the neighborhood Townsend Club. Mr. Jordan spent his evenings reading booklets about the Townsend Plan. He discovered that he had been a "mere human clod, without ambition, content to wear the livery of serfs and eat the bread of grudging charity," and he told Henry E. Herkimer about it.

"What's your ambition now?" Mr. Herkimer inquired.

"Why, to—to—"

"To get two hundred dollars a month for nothing? And if *that* isn't eating the bread of charity, what is it?"

Henry E. was growing weary of the diurnal discussions. He liked Elisha, as you like any one you have seen every day for nearly fifty years. Elisha amused him. A little loose-thinking man, with loose socks, ungartered, and loose trousers, unsuspendered, that were always slipping and having to be hitched up again.

Henry had thought of pensioning his old friend, but delayed because "I sort of enjoy having him around." But Dr. Townsend himself mightn't've enjoyed three months of Elisha's "What I say is, why should a fellow slave and do without when there's *plenty* for everybody? All I want is nothing to do and money enough to have some fun with."

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," Henry thought. Then, one hot afternoon in mid-July, when he was trying to work and Elisha was trying not to, Henry said, "You're fired, 'Lisha. You needn't come back here tomorrow. You're going to have two hundred dollars a month."

"Quit your kidding, Hank."

"I'm not kidding. You've converted me to the Townsend Plan. I'm going to give you two hundred dollars a month for life, on condition that you spend every penny of it within thirty days. Of course, I'd rather you didn't tell anybody, excepting your wife. Just say you've come into money."

Elisha looked at his handful of soiled blotters.

"I don't exactly like leaving here," he said.

"'Youth for work; age for leisure,'" Mr. Herkimer quoted. "You can't have both, 'Lisha. Here's your cash up to August sixteenth, and then I'll see you again, 'Lisha."

The plump bundle of greenbacks settled it.

"Do you think Henry's gone crazy?" 'Lisha asked Leona that night. "He ain't been the same since his boy was killed."

"*I* think it's the least he could do," Mrs. Jordan replied. "Look what you've given *him* all these years. Two hundred dollars ain't a nickel to Henry Herkimer."

As they were going to bed, Elisha unscrewed the bell on his alarm clock. "No more seven-o'clock breakfasts," he proclaimed. "We'll eat when we wake up."

He woke at six thirty, partly because he had done so all his life, and partly because he was too excited to sleep anyway. Mrs. Jordan already had left the connubial four-poster, but she wasn't in the dining room, and neither was the breakfast. Nor yet in the kitchen. "Thought I'd stick to the hay, I guess," Mr. Jordan explained it. "Probably gone over to her sister's. Hope she remembers not to spill the beans." And the word "beans" started him thinking about coffee.

Why shouldn't he run down to the Elks' Restaurant? It would teach Leona not to go gadding. He left her a little note, and then went to the Elks', and ordered what he'd wanted for years—ham and eggs and French-fried potatoes. They were steaming in front of him before Elisha realized that one had to have something besides money to dispose of a breakfast like that. One had to have teeth.

So then he went to the dentist's. "Let me have 'em as quick as you can, doc. I can pay for 'em now. My aunt died, and I'm fixed. No more banking for me."

From the dentist's he strolled over to Snyder's Shoe Store, where he encountered Fay Darling. Fay worked in Ye Beauty Shoppe. She was an elegant blonde, and an eloquent testimonial to the possibilities of her art.

Elisha had seen her before, but unavailingly. Now they sat side by side with their shoes off, and Miss Darling listened, not without interest, while Mr. Jordan told the clerk of his aunt's death and the nest egg. "I'm through at the bank, and I'm going to have some fun now."

"I THINK you're so wise," Miss Darling volunteered while the salesman inspected his shelves. "What's the use waiting till you're dead to enjoy yourself?—that's what *I* say. Do you ever go to the movies?"

They left Snyder's together, and by that time Elisha knew that Miss Darling liked to go to Patchogue, where you got a stage show too, but that she didn't go often because she hadn't a car, and it was no fun going alone anyhow. When they parted, Mr. Jordan went to the clothing store and bought a new suit. He had been kind of conscious of the old one while he talked to Miss Darling, and, anyway, you had to spend all of the two hundred in one month.

Mrs. Jordan was doing her duty too. Elisha bumped into her in front of the Emporium, and was faintly glad that he'd parted with Miss Darling when he did. Mrs. Jordan had told her sister—not quite the same story Elisha had been telling but near enough. Then she had gone home, and found his note, and had a pick-up breakfast, and come downtown to purchase some clothes, and a nickel coffee percolator, and a radio, and a bridge table, and two colored pictures of Niagara Falls in summer and winter. "Good Lord!" Mr. Jordan exclaimed. "I can't pay for all that stuff."

"You don't have to," Leona reassured him. "Some of it's charged, and the rest I got on the installment plan. Nobody goes without things any more because they haven't the money. Not if they

Unprintable ...but TRUE!

They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down — internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed.* Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular,* with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative. At all drug stores.

PLEASE TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City________________________Age________

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal) L246

EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE 6 tablets 10¢ 18 tablets 25¢

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

think that they're going to get it some day, anyhow."

They taxied home because Elisha's new shoes hurt him terribly. But there didn't seem to be much to do when they got there. Elisha was contemplating taxiing back to the bank and dropping in and sort of glancing around and, maybe, making sure that the customers' counters looked all right, when, providentially, it came to be lunchtime.

"This is the last meal I'll ever cook," Mrs. Jordan announced. "Minnie's coming over to live with us."

Minnie was Leona's sister, and she'd wanted to come for some time. She and her husband didn't get on very well, and she was always threatening to leave him.

"She says she *knows* he's been meeting a girl in New York," Mrs. Jordan confided, "and that's *too* much."

Mrs. Jordan decided that they needed a car, and Elisha's concurrence may or may not have been influenced by the remembered plight of a lady who couldn't get to Patchogue often because she hadn't one. At any rate, Elisha paid down almost all that was left of his two hundred dollars, signed various papers, stipulated that he was to be taught to drive, and, the next morning found himself in possession of a shiny new Ford.

Announcing

Liberty's Amateur Page

to be conducted by

MAJOR BOWES

Here at last is the chance of the innumerable amateurs who don't sing, play instruments, or imitate birdcalls, but do write or draw! This Amateur Hour in print will be conducted by the genial Major and will be complete even to his gong—a silent yet none the less fascinating counterpart of his Amateur Hour on the air!

It's coming in Liberty next week! Write or draw something to send in! All bona fide amateurs are invited to submit, as contestants:

Short short stories, not over 500 words in length. Short poems or jingles. Jokes. Epigrams. Wisecracks. Cartoons. Caricatures. Comic drawings, etc.

Each week Liberty's readers will vote, by mail, on the efforts that appear on Liberty's Amateur Page. Each week their votes will award:

A first prize	$25
A second prize	10
Three additional prizes, each	5

In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The closing date for each week's contest will be the date printed on the cover of the issue involved. Instructions for voting will be included on each Amateur Page.

Apart from these awards, no amateur will be paid for his or her effort, even though it has been printed. And no material submitted can be returned.

The page will be open only to those who have never done writing or drawing for pay. Everything submitted must be entirely original.

Address all communications to

Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor,
P.O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Later in the day Clinton D. Rogers, the architect, explained to both Jordans how simply and inexpensively a garage could be added to the house. Already two "wings" projected from its rear, one providing a kitchen and the other now sheltering Minnie. In other words, the back of the building was like a box lacking one end. All you had to do was supply that. "In fact," Mr. Rogers pointed out, "you don't need anything but the front doors and a roof."

"How'll I get in?" Elisha asked.

"You'll drive the car in through these front doors, of course," Mr. Rogers explained. "And I'll cut another little door for you and the missus between the garage and this chamber."

"That's Minnie's room," Leona objected, but Mr. Rogers felt the demur trivial. Neither did it matter that the garage would be windowless. "There'll be glass in the front doors, of course," said Mr. Rogers. So Elisha said, "Go ahead," and, that afternoon, dropped in on Henry E. Herkimer.

"I HAVEN'T *spent* the money," he declared. "It's really invested. Having a car worth six hundred and sixty-six dollars is the same as having six hundred and sixty-six dollars, ain't it? And the whole scheme is to keep money in circulation. What I want to know is, can I have next month's pension now and not get any the month after that?"

"What'll you do *then?*" Mr. Herkimer inquired.

"There won't be anything left to buy," Elisha assured him. "I've got everything I want now. It's just the start that's a little hard, if you see what I mean."

Mr. Herkimer did see. He gave Elisha two hundred dollars more, with a warning not to "come back here before the middle of September. The gover'ment may be Santa Claus," Mr. Herkimer said, "but I'm only trying an experiment."

It was hard not to go back, and the reasons were not entirely sordid. Mr. Jordan was lonely. The garage had been built, with various "fancy" additions, including front doors that opened automatically when the weight of the car pressed a plate in the driveway, closed after it automatically, and were reopened from inside by pulling a lever. But even that pastime palled after a while.

Mrs. Jordan was never at home any more, having joined a bridge club and the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. Minnie was home, but that didn't help. Minnie's days were devoted to giving her opinion of males in general, married males in particular, and listening to the radio.

Elisha didn't like the radio. He had been thrilled at first by listening to Father Coughlin, with whom he agreed entirely; but then he had listened to Ogden L. Mills, with whom he agreed entirely, also; and after he had agreed in turn with Professor Tugwell and Jouett Shouse and President Roosevelt and ex-President Hoover, he found himself suffering from something very like mental indigestion.

Mental indigestion wasn't the worst, either. The "store teeth" had been delivered, and for the first time in years Elisha had been eating everything set before him. As Leona's housekeeping ambitions outran Minnie's culinary accomplishments, the result was disastrous. Mr. Jordan went around with a constant "clawing" at the pit of his stomach. It made him irritable. He and Minnie quarreled incessantly. It required no particular aptitude; everybody had always quarreled with Minnie.

BUT quarreling with Leona was different. That hurt. They had had their differences, of course, but Elisha usually had grinned and said, "O. K., ma; have it your way," and then Leona had grinned too, and demonstrated that her way was really *his* way, only better. Now there were bitter words about everything, and then Leona flounced off.

He'd met Fay Darling half a dozen times since the morning he'd started for the dentist's, and seen her toiling up the hill, and driven her to work. He'd driven her other places too, oscillating between enjoyment and terror of being reported to Leona—or, worse, to Minnie.

"I can't be expected to sit around home alone all the time," Mr. Jordan convinced himself. "Anyway, what's the harm? God knows I'd rather be down at the bank, chewing the rag with Henry E., but he's busy." Meanwhile he was flattered at Fay's evident liking, and perhaps a wee bit titillated by the occasional and, of course, quite accidental touch of her arm or knee against his.

He always called her "Fay Darling" now, which was not only titillating but witty, and left him feeling a wag and a rake.

What else could he do with himself? The fellows in town kidded him enviously, and most of them were busy, too. The whole world was busy, and there was no place in it for a man who had time to go fishing, or to discuss matters of national importance. It would be different, Elisha assured himself, when the Townsend Plan became universal, and millions of people had nothing to do but spend money.

August first had been painful, too. How the devil could anybody have run up so many bills? They bewildered him, and the ensuing discussion with Mrs. Jordan had lasted through dinner and the evening, far into the night. In fact, it grew ever more violent, and might have ended seriously, except that injudicious eating, under great nervous tension, produced acute indigestion and a doctor at four in the morning. On the whole, Elisha regarded that illness as providential. Leona was "like her old self" to him again for three days.

Afterward the bills had to be faced. They were from carpenters, masons, and an architect; from clothiers, haberdashers, and dealers in women's wear; from grocers and dentists and the drugstore where he had bought patent medicines for his rebellious insides. There were installments due on a radio, an electric refrigerator, and a Ford. The garage doors that opened and closed automatically—these alone came to a month's income. And there wasn't any month's income coming in—not for another month and a half anyway.

"Not a damned thing in the lot that we really needed," Elisha told Mrs. Jordan, and began a round of humiliating calls and a series of temporizing letters. Elisha didn't write easily, and the anguish of those days was literary as well as financial.

Before September first it had become clear that temporizing wasn't going to do any good. Despite his injunction, Henry E. Herkimer received another visit. "Hello, 'Lisha!" he greeted Mr. Jordan, when the former "bank guard" dropped in at what had been their conversational hour. "Hello, 'Lisha! How's tricks? Happy?"

"Sure," Elisha answered. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Aptly said," Mr. Herkimer admitted. "With everything in the world that you wanted."

But on the subject of further advances Mr. Herkimer was adamant. "What's the use?" he inquired. "You're getting out of debt the way the frog tried to get out of the well."

SO Elisha went to the bank on the corner and mortgaged his house. He hated that at first, because it had never been mortgaged, but gradually got used to the idea, and, a month later, managed a chattel mortgage on the furniture and the Ford. The last was really a reprehensible, if not a criminal, proceeding, as the Ford wasn't *his* yet. But September first was no day for scruples. They were going to turn in the "old buggy" anyway. Mrs. Jordan had decided that "We really can't afford to drive a car like that, 'Lisha. It doesn't look right for people with the kind of friends we've got now."

To do him justice, Mr. Jordan had opposed the new maroon sedan—less out of thrift than because he had just promised to take Miss Darling to the movies at Patchogue, and "the old buggy" seemed so much less conspicuous. Mr. Jordan *was* worried about money, though, and the worry had begun keeping him awake nights.

That was another new misery. He'd never been really troubled on that score in all the thirty-eight years he had earned sixty dollars a month. "Something's got to happen to me," he admitted to himself in the small hours, "and it's got to happen soon. Maybe the gover'ment'll decide to pay the soldiers' bonus, or something. I wonder if I'd be in on that because I

BETTER SHINE
BETTER JOB!

BLACK SHINOLA SHOE POLISH

10¢

SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE AND CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

It's an out and out Gamble

WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

● Why gamble when you buy razor blades? In Probak Jr. you get the product of the world's largest blade maker at the sensational low price of 4 for 10c. This blade romps through tough whiskers without pull or irritation. Try it.

PROBAK

4 BLADES FOR 10¢

PROBAK JUNIOR

Here Are the Winners!

LIBERTY'S JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST

First Prize, $500

ANNE THOMPSON, Detroit, Mich.

Second Prize, $100

VIVIEN C. KREBS, Kansas City, Mo.

Third Prize, $50

J. WILLIAM CONNELLY, West Lafayette, Ind.

Ten Prizes, $5 Each

Marie Ambrose, Stevens Point, Wis.; Elizabeth Embleton, Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. M. Burnett Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles Gemple, Hoboken, N. J.; Harry Hill, Jr., Rockford, Ill.; Maxine Lagerstrom, Chicago, Ill.; Eugene Ramos, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. James J. Sullivan, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Raymond C. Wilkins, Youngstown, Ohio; Martha L. Woodcock, Spokane, Wash.

150 Prizes, $2 Each

Harry A. Alexander, Des Plaines, Ill.; Wilma Baade, South Bend, Ind.; Marylee W. Bayne, Glen Cove, N. Y.; Mrs. Kenneth Beaman, Shrewsbury, Mass.; Ada S. Beardsley, New York, N. Y.; Miss E. De Beauclair, Detroit, Mich.; Hazel Becker, Cleveland, Ohio; Clara Blaha, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wilbur A. Bletch, Cleveland, Ohio; Fred Bloom, Anderson, Ind.; Mrs. W. B. Boggs, Yonkers, N. Y.

(To be continued in an early issue)

✓ LUDEN'S bring throat relief
✓ LUDEN'S help build up
ALKALINE RESERVE

Medical authorities say you should build up your alkaline reserve when you have a cold. That's why—

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS now contain an
ALKALINE FACTOR

went into training the week the war ended."

The Patchogue promise worried him too. Until this summer Elisha never had cheated, in marriage or anything else. "Seems like I was too busy," Elisha mused. "I didn't use to have time to go chasing, or thinking up things I had to get. Fay's a nice girl, but, gee, I'd rather be home, if there was ever anybody else there but Minnie." Elisha's conscience, like yours and mine, was quickened by the fear of being found out. Minnie suspected; he felt sure of that. And she must have confided in Leona, who had said something last week about trying Ye Beauty Shoppe, and then looked at him very queerly.

But he was committed to Patchogue. They were showing The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, and Fay had talked about it for days. He had suggested a matinee, which would have been simple, but Miss Darling had declared that she couldn't "get off," and, anyway, it would be nice to have dinner at a roadhouse. "Don't be afraid," she had taunted. "I won't hurt you. And we'll be home by ten o'clock."

They weren't—which was unfortunate, because Elisha had told Leona that he was just driving over to Riverhead on business connected with the mortgage, and that he might eat at the Henry Perkins Hotel, and maybe pop in at a movie, but he'd be back at half past nine. The first false step was two cocktails. Fay lured him into that, and then they dawdled over an endless shore dinner, and reached the theater too late for the first showing. It was after eleven when they got out, with twelve miles between them and their hearthstones.

And then the new car began misbehaving; it stopped dead rounding a curve on a dark bit of road. "It *would,*" Elisha said fiercely to the carburetor, his head buried beneath the hood; and at that moment all the lights went out. Elisha's head had never been under a hood before, and he must have done something inexpert. Be that as it may, he was still peering and tinkering when another car—fortunately a very small one—came round that curve and struck him full in the rear.

Fortunately, too, in this case "struck him full in the rear" means the automobile's. Elisha's personal impact came later. Only an instant later, since the jolt sent him headlong into the machinery and then spilled him on to the cement pavement. Elisha rose in the glare of a flash held by a dapper young stranger. No one who knew him, which was a bit of luck anyway.

But the stranger was laughing.

"Your lights are out," he said, "and so's your shirttail."

Elisha's right hand confirmed the latter assertion. That's what the impact had done to his new suit. It had been no less damaging to his—that is, to his car's taillight and hind mudguard. Elisha, growing angrier and angrier, was obliged to dissemble. If this young man took his number and made a complaint, the jig was up.

He was a good-humored young man, though, and entirely satisfied with five dollars to cover the slight harm done his own vehicle. Moreover, he got Elisha's going again, though "I wouldn't stop," he advised, "until you're ready to stay stopped. Somebody's played hell with your wiring, and you can't count on that self-starter."

"How'm I goin' t' get home?" Elisha inquired subsequently of Miss Darling.

"What did you say?"

"How'm I goin' t'—"

"I can't understand a word," Miss Darling complained. "Sounds like you'd lost your teeth."

That was the last straw. Almost the last, anyway. The plate probably was somewhere under that hood, but he'd better not stop to look for it. He'd better not stop for anything. "If I let you out at your house," he mumbled to Miss Darling, "and can't start again, we'll be in a fine fix. I'm going home, and shut off the engine and coast downhill into the garage, and then I'll walk to your place with you, because I know *I* can get back."

Miss Darling received the proposal in silence. As a matter of fact, she was beginning to be worried, too. It wouldn't help her none to be caught out at two in the morning with a married man. And what a man! This ended everything, Miss Darling decided prophetically — and perhaps telepathically too, since Mr. Jordan, sitting toothless and virtually pantless beside her, had reached the same conclusion quite a bit earlier in the evening. "If I can just get into that garage without waking up Minnie"—this was Mr. Jordan's sole surviving desire.

And he made it. At the top of the little knoll at the entrance to his property, he silenced his engine, doused his solitary glim, and rolled gently down the two sloping cement tracks to his garage. When the weight of the car bore on the plate in the driveway, the automatic doors opened noiselessly. Elisha performed the same feat with the car door. But —believe it or not—the garage doors that had closed behind them remained closed.

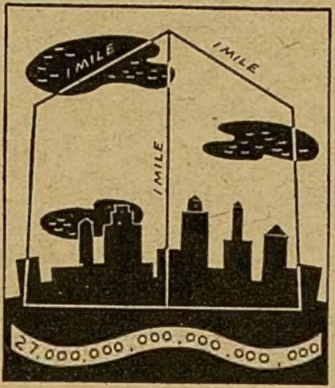
"They never did this before," Elisha whispered, tugging at the lever. And Miss Darling replied, "Once'll be plenty."

She was right, Elisha realized, struggling with that lever and a strange mixture of emotions. Miss Darling's feelings were simpler. "Isn't there any other way out?" she asked, sotto voce.

Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

A Cubic Mile Equals Three Fiftieths of a Cubic Inch

by E. G. CONKLIN



WHICH sounds as if one were trying to make you believe something that is utterly impossible. But in one extraordinarily special case it is true—honestly!

Usually, of course, it isn't so. Any one with any eyes at all can see that his thumb is not as big as a cubic mile, even though it may feel that way sometimes, after you've hit it with a hammer, for instance. Even the idea of a cubic mile is nearly incomprehensible, it is so big. It has been estimated that every human being in the world could be packed inside of a cubic mile and still have a little room left over! And that is a fact!

Well—here is the special case in which a cubic mile equals a cubic centimeter, which is itself the same as about three fiftieths of a cubic inch:

The number of grains of sand that could be packed in a cubic mile is known to be a fair approximation of the number of molecules in one cubic centimeter of air.

You are not asked to believe this number has actually been counted, of course. It would take the entire population of the United States, all counting like mad 24 hours a day, thousands of years to count this. But scientists can estimate such matters with brilliant accuracy. The number of molecules in a thimbleful of air—which would be about three fiftieths of a cubic inch—is equal (take a deep breath) to about 27,000,000,000,000,000,000—27 quintillions, as we Americans figure it.

The number of grains of sand in a cubic centimeter has been counted; and the number of cubic centimeters in a cubic mile is child's play for the mathematician. But as to how they estimate the number of molecules in three fiftieths of a cubic inch of air is something we won't go into right now! Nobody would know what we were talking about if we did. But you can take it for granted that the scientists know.

These men of science are pretty bright, after all, aren't they?

Next — Boiling Water Does Not Get Any Hotter.

"Sure; through Minnie's room."

"We got to risk it. I ain't going to stay here all night."

"Do you know what'll happen if Minnie catches us?"

"Just what'll happen if she finds us."

"Don't talk so loud."

"Don't con yourself. You might get away with telling 'em you brought me back at two o'clock, but it's going to be different if we spend the night here together, and are discovered in the morning."

"I wish to God I'd never seen you," Elisha cut loose.

"That goes for me," Miss Darling replied. "What I wanted with a baldheaded nickel-squeezer, old enough to be my grandpa—"

Mrs. Jordan echoed that question only a few minutes afterward. Minnie had heard voices. "There's somebody in the garage," she had informed her waiting sister, and suddenly the garage lights had been switched on, and Minnie and Leona stood in the doorway. Elisha was still sweating over the lever, and Miss Darling, who wasn't sweating at all, but the contrary, had seated herself upon the damaged running board.

"WELL, this is a pretty how-do-you-do!" Leona remarked. Elisha said nothing at all—chiefly because he could think of nothing to say.

"Mr. Jordan just gave me a lift—" Miss Darling began to explain.

But that was too much.

"I'd like to give you one, too," Mrs. Jordan interrupted inelegantly. "I heard about these goings-on, but I wouldn't believe it. I hardly do now. What a girl of your age should want with a toothless old fool, just because he's got fifty dollars a week, that was spent long before he got it, is more than I can tell. You get out of here, now, and stay out."

"I think I'll send for the police," Minnie said.

"You'll get out, too." Leona turned on her. "I'm sick of this whole business. You pack in the morning."

Minnie began to cry.

"And *you* go to bed," the aroused Leona commanded her husband. "I don't want a word out of you. I don't want a word out of anybody."

She got her wish, too.

The weeping Minnie retired. With a single Parthian shot, Miss Darling stalked through the house and its front door.

Elisha slunk up the stairs. "'Old fool' is right," was the burden of his thoughts. "Fussin' around with a fake-blonde gold digger. All of her put together ain't worth Leona's little finger. And now I lost Leona forever. My teeth, too, I guess. Gee, I don't care about that, if I can only hold on to Leona."

Exhausted, he had dropped off to sleep when Leona crept into her accustomed place beside him. She had done her meditating in the parlor. At six, she slipped out without disturbing Elisha, who was wakened half an hour later by the almost forgotten voice of his alarm clock. For an instant he was nearly persuaded that the summer had been a bad dream.

But eventually he came to and dressed and went downstairs.

The coffee was boiling. There was no mistaking that fragrance.

And presently Leona brought it in. Minnie was gone, then. Thank heaven for that.

Thank heaven for the oatmeal at his plate. Above all, thank heaven Leona was still here, and, apparently, disinclined to say anything more about the events of last night. As a matter of fact, she never mentioned them again. It was Elisha who felt himself compelled to ask, "What're we going to do with those garage doors?"

"Send 'em back," Leona declared. "They ain't paid for. And that goes for the car, and the radio, and a lot of things. Maybe the Townsend Plan is all right, but it's no good for us. We ain't neither of us been happy a minute. I just called up Henry Herkimer, and he wasn't even surprised. Better hurry, Elisha. It's ten minutes to eight, and your job's waiting for you."

THE END

Healthy **HAIR** is Good-Looking **HAIR!**

① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life, has a chance.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—hair looks lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

• Use **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"

DON'T TRY to cover up hair faults and defects . . . Real hair-health begins in the hair roots—in the scalp itself. Go right down there after it—and get it—and keep it —with the help of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

It works—simply because Vitalis plus vigorous massage starts new circulation around the base of the hair. Your scalp relaxes, loosens. You feel a healthy glow, a stimulation that helps promote the flow of natural, nourishing oils.

Your hair looks healthier—*is* healthier. And it's better-looking because it gains a natural lustre—never a "patent-leather" shine. Loose dandruff disappears. It looks better and better as you keep on giving it this necessary exercise. It stays well-dressed. It stays where you comb it.

Get a bottle today. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" as often as you please.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

MUST A SECRETARY HAVE SEX APPEAL?

A Novelist Famous for Her Stories of Romance in Business Ponders the Pros and Cons of a Much-Debated Question

by

FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EITHER a girl has sex appeal or she hasn't; and that's that. Whether she is a secretary, a toe dancer, a waitress, a trained nurse, a writer, a shop clerk, or what have you, is beside the point.

If the title of this article ran, say: Does a Girl with Sex Appeal Make a Good Secretary? we'd have another kettle of fish, or, as they say in the northeast corner of southern Vermont, a horse by another color—or something.

But let's take the question as it stands and see what can be done with it.

In the first place, what is sex appeal? No, don't tell me; let me guess. My guess is that it isn't quite what we call charm. We've all known plenty of women—to say nothing of men—who had sex appeal and no charm; and vice versa. I think the most charming person I know is a little lady in Delaware who is past ninety.

Sex appeal, to boil it down to its essentials, is the certain magnetism which attracts the other sex; which exerts as well an influence on one's own sex, whether recognized by the, so to speak, *exertee* or not. The people who have it are, as a rule, born with it to a greater or lesser degree. If they have it they can cultivate it. Occasionally they are not aware that they possess it. But as a rule they are and, also as a rule, they employ it—sometimes wisely and sometimes ignorantly.

Sex appeal, in a woman's case, can be enhanced by art, by clothes, by little aids to nature. It cannot, however, be put on entirely from the outside. If you have it you can help it along. If you haven't it no amount of smart or revealing garments nor all the cosmetics on all the department-store counters in the world can give it to you. Too many young women have the idea that it can be bought. It can't.

The girl who puts on an overexposure frock, a pink-and-white-and-scarlet mask of paint; who permanents her hair, liberally besprays herself with perfume, augments her bright glances with mascara and eye shadow, and paints her toes and fingernails; who heliographs with her hips when she walks; who goes from modest brown to platinum, scarlet, henna, is not by these methods acquiring sex appeal—not even when she adds bath salts to her tub and mouth washes to her dentifrice. She is merely doing a little pictorial advertising. If she has sex appeal she doesn't need all this, and if she hasn't sex appeal she isn't acquiring it.

All right. So far so good. We will now take a girl who has sex appeal, who enhances it or not, as the case may be, and we will put her in an office as secretary to the usual benighted male. And here the question is, not must a secretary have sex appeal, but, having it, what shall she do with it?

The girl who, with or without sex appeal, takes into the office a predominant consciousness and awareness of her sex, enhanced by all the aid and abetment we mentioned in an earlier paragraph, lacks common sense. There are of course men who are attracted by the packaging of such commodities as she may have to offer. They are as a rule hearty men, who carry pictures of the Little Woman and the Kiddies around with them. They are not especially fair game—if you wish to consider them game at all—and they won't be very helpful in the long run.

The girl who has natural sex appeal, which is something she cannot very well help, probably exercises it, often unconsciously, upon not only her boss but all the men with whom she comes in contact. She is merely obeying a rule which, while it may not seem logical, is biological, and she is only assisting Ma Nature, who has her own plans. Such a girl, if she is just working in an office in order to catch a husband and thus cease to work in an office—if she is fortunate—will probably get on.

If on the other hand she is ambitious, interested in her work, not in love with her boss or with the redheaded young man in the sales department; if, likewise, she has an attachment outside of the office, or if she hasn't any attachment at all, I see no good reason why she shouldn't be as good a secretary as the lady with the horn-rimmed spectacles, no figure visible to the naked eye, and forty-six years of repression to her credit.

Men are sentimental. Men are romantic. Men are dreamers. They have it all over the women on all of these counts. And normal men prefer to be surrounded by charm, good looks, trimness, and—if we must say it again—sex appeal in their offices, just as they prefer it in their homes. Some of 'em won't admit it. They'll tell you, and play it straight, that they have no idea what Miss What's-her-name in the outer office looks like. Don't you believe them. They know what she looks like.

Personally I agree with them. If I had to sit and dictate a string of Dear Sirs, Yours of recent date, etc., etc., I would rather dictate it to a brain which functioned behind a face satisfactory to the eye, than to an intelligence masked by something which would stop Big Ben. I would also rather that the hand which jotted down my world-shaking pronouncements be well cared for than otherwise.

But, you cry out at me, you have just said that a pretty face and a manicured hand do not constitute sex appeal. Right. Go to the head of the class. But to continue: Men, most men, prefer to have about them during the course of their daily lives women who exert, whether deliberately or not, that singular influence.

This does not mean that the secretary who wants to hold her job is compelled to display her ankles. I advise against that. It is too obvious. Real sex appeal is never obvious. It just exists. It is as natural as the shining of the sun, and often as unpremeditated as the song of a bird. I do advise that the stocking seams be straight in case there should be an inadvertent display. Men are very funny about stocking seams, and run-down heels, and fingernails and such.

The girl who has sex appeal, who neither subdues nor advertises it, but who simply possesses it and lets it go at that, is no liability around an office. Why should she be? If she causes her employer to become aware of her as a woman she also causes him to become aware of his

The girl with natural sex appeal probably exercises it — often unconsciously.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

own essential maleness, which is helpful to his pride and to his sense of power and dominance. Such awareness cannot hurt him, and cannot hurt her.

But, you may ask timidly, does not this make for emotional crises, cardiac complications, disruption of office discipline and the like?

Why should it?

If the boss in question is unmarried and fancy-free, and if his awareness of Mary Jane as a woman becomes very acute, then it is quite likely that he will fall in love with her. If she doesn't fall in love with him, she will be sensible to seek another job; if she does return his regard, then she'll probably marry him and continue to exert her influence in the home.

But, you say, suppose he is already married?

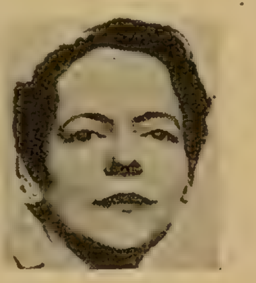
In that case, my child, he is assumed to be immune.

Of course he isn't. No man is entirely immune. But the happily married man is sufficiently immunized for our purposes. He is a disciplined man, and merely because his secretary is attractive to him he does not make the gesture known as breaking up the home. Because a thousand women are attractive to him—all women, in fact, whose appeal is so tuned that it elicits a response.

I recently wrote a story, which is to be a motion picture, about a wife and a secretary and a man. The man was sincerely and enthusiastically attracted by his secretary, and she by him, but each of them possessed something which attracted them more. In the man's case it was his wife, with whom he was really in love. In the secretary's case it was her job. The job was, in a sense, the man; but she liked the job better than she did him. If it came to giving up one or the other, well, she'd hang on to the job.

No. If I were a business man's wife and he assured me over and over, "Why, darling, you know I'd never have an attractive secretary in my office. That's why I hire Miss Stick-in-the-mud, who is eighty if a day, or old Mr. So-and-so, who has a wife and eight children and is more competent than any woman," I would be very suspicious. I would know that my husband could not trust himself around an attractive woman, even in his office.

The girl who takes a secretarial job recognizing her own attractions and counting on them to see her through, is a born idiot. A man will forgive the pretty woman who appeals to him, or the plain woman with plenty of what it takes, a great deal, but he won't forgive her incompetence in the job for which she has been hired. Let her ball up his engagements once too often, or send out letters which reflect upon his sanity, or start any kind of ructions in the office, and, appeal or no appeal, she finds herself out looking for another job. Unless, as we have said before, he is free to fall in love with and marry her and thus remove the menace from his business life and transfer it to his home.



FAITH BALDWIN *is, of course, the author of Innocent Bystander, Office Wife, White Collar Girl, Alimony, and other novels full of the question she discusses in this article. She wrote The Deserted Wife, a play, when she was only six years old!*

Trading on your appeal for men in a job in which you have to deal with men, makes no sense. Oh, I know it sometimes gets you the job, and it sometimes holds it a little longer than an innocent bystander would think possible, but sooner or later you are reading the want ads again and deciding that you never get a break.

As I see the average man, he is susceptible to appeal in the office—up to a certain point. After that he isn't susceptible at all. Otherwise we'd have a lot more business failures than we now have.

It is pleasanter to work with an attractive woman. You have to see her most of your working day. If that woman is also efficient and intelligent, you are in luck, Mr. Business Man. And if you have one at home just as attractive and just as efficient and just as intelligent, you are a pet of that grim teacher, Fate.

As far as I can make out, if a girl has common sense as well as sex appeal there is only one person who could possibly lose by this combination. That is the wife who hasn't either—providing the employer of this paragon has such a wife.

I DON'T mean that he will throw his wife out of the window and marry his secretary. He does sometimes but not often, and by no means is this a foregone conclusion. He simply becomes more and more aware of the lack around the hearthstone, and if and when he does throw her out, metaphorically speaking, the next one he marries has plenty of the missing equation. And she isn't always his secretary by a long shot. She's somebody else's secretary or else that brunette girl Smith introduced him to in the cocktail bar.

I don't think we've arrived at any conclusion. We haven't lived up to our title after all. But I think we've discovered that the average man can be susceptible to feminine influence and still go home evenings and play with Junior with a clear conscience. And I think we've learned that the girl who takes Mae West as her model isn't the Threat she believes herself. And I think we've come to the point when if any one asks us if a secretary should have sex appeal, we can safely answer, why not?—and let it go at that.

Because, after all, you can't advertise for one who hasn't. You wouldn't have any answers. You see, every woman believes she has. So you'd have to do without a female secretary and confine yourself to a dictaphone. But at the other end, sooner or later, there would be a typist.

Therefore it isn't a question of must she have it?—but how should she use it? And that I am not competent to answer. It would mean another article, and for today, children, class is dismissed.

THE END

Heir Apparent

The Story of a Young Man Who Thought He Knew Hollywood, and a Girl Who Opened His Eyes

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

TONY SARGENT swept his car to the curb. The car was a banana-colored conveyance, streamlined and tremendous. Tony could slide past the wheel only by coasting to the end of his spine and holding his breath for a second. But, this done, he tilted the brim of his impeccable panama against any crude stare on the part of the public and strode into the lobby of San Diego's best hotel.

The clerk and three bellboys gave signs of agitation. Letters were presented as if upon a salver, and a message from Miss Camilla Stuart was poured almost reverently into his car. Tony took these menial posturings as a matter of course—being accustomed to them. For the blood that ran through the veins of a Sargent was, in the dynasty of the screen, nothing less than blood royal.

Perhaps the great figures of the first generation had still some faint recollection of life among the commoners. Edwin G. Sargent—of Sargent Pictures, Inc.—may have relived in nightmares the time when he was Eddie Sargent dispatched to the corner delicatessen for fifteen cents' worth of liverwurst. But there were no such nightmares for Tony Sargent of the second generation. Tony was the only son of the Sargent of Sargent Pictures. He was the heir apparent—terribly apparent. For Tony had something more than talent, something more than charm, something more than wealth. He had, in brief, that asset generally known as drag. This is a dangerous plaything for any man in his twenty-sixth year—likely to give the most level-headed young man a slight touch of the Nero complex.

Tony Sargent, summoned to the rooms of Miss Camilla Stuart, film star, obeyed the summons not in humility but in a spirit bordering on condescension.

"Listen here," she said. "Listen here. I want to know why you acted the way you did!"

"When?"

"You know perfectly well. You were going to have lunch with me; and then, just because I had Peter Best along—"

"The man's an amoeba," he informed her coldly.

"I don't know what that means," said Camilla, "but it's insulting!"

"I trail you all the way down here," he went on wearily, "and then you ask me to have lunch with this amoeba. It's ridiculous, my dear girl. I suppose you want the man in your next picture, so you have lunch with him."

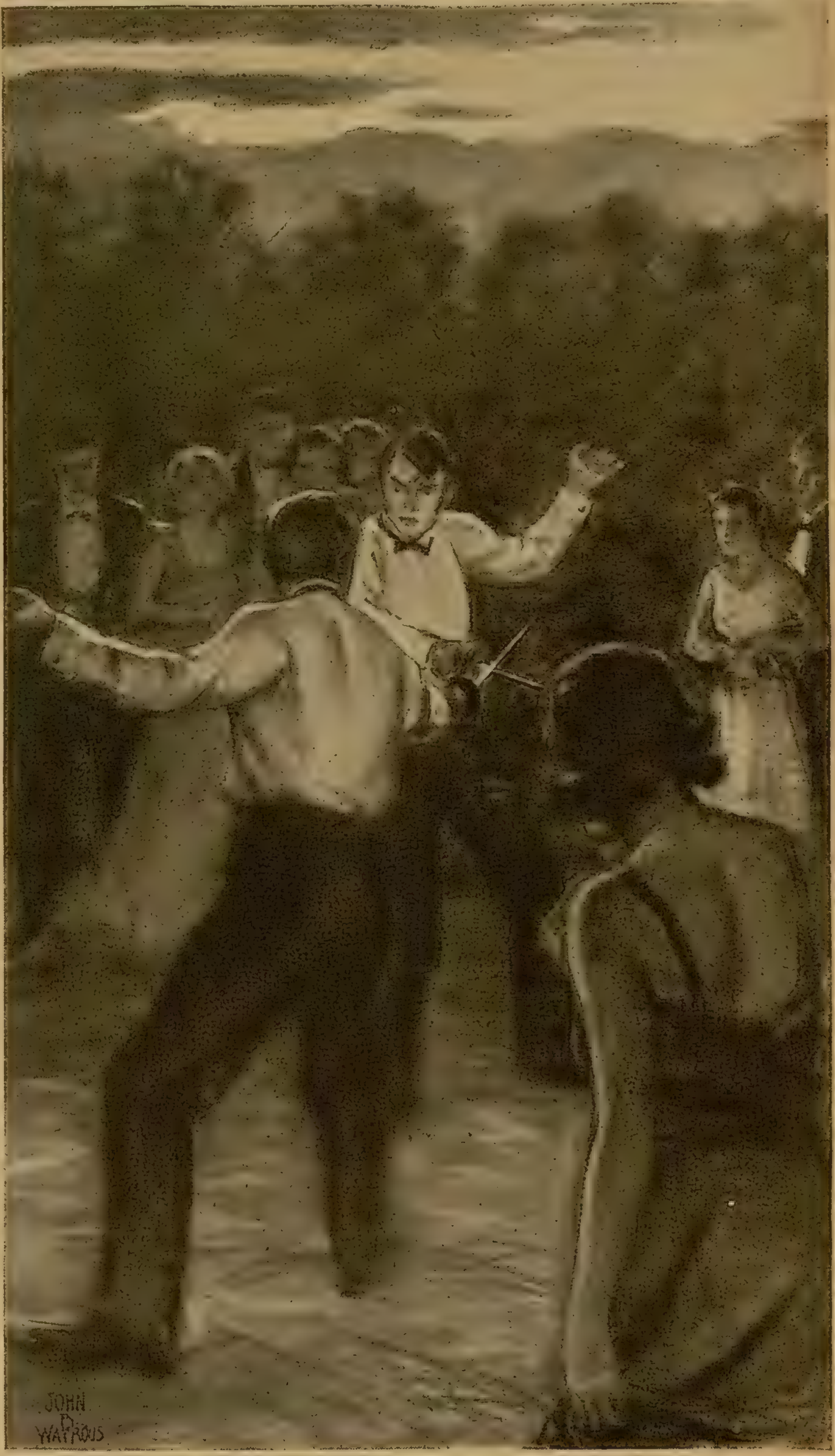
"What's that to you?"

"That's opportunism—to anybody."

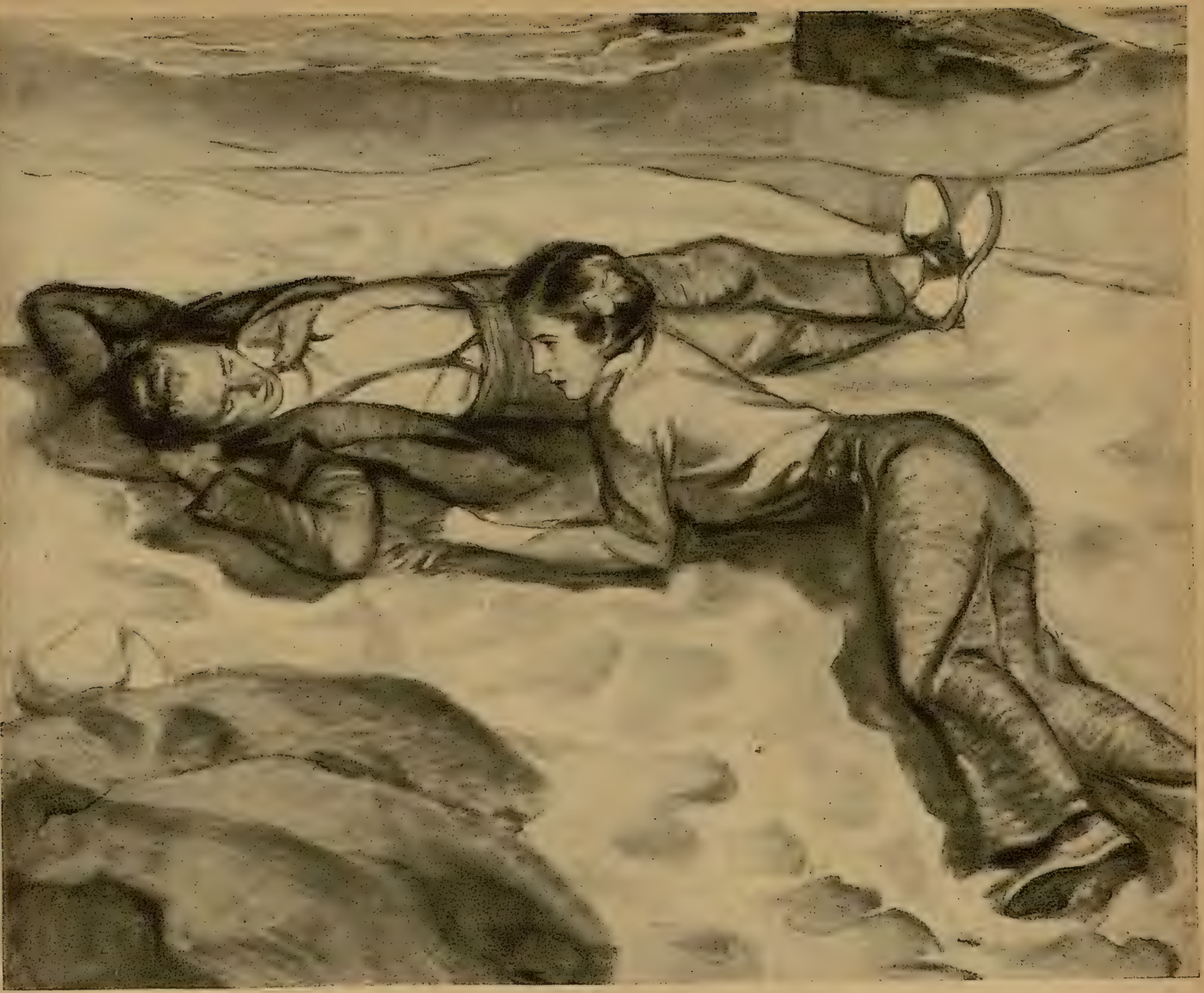
Camilla was not too sure about "opportunism," but her three diamond bracelets rattled angrily as she poured out a drink.

"Listen," she said. "You listen to me! I'm going to tell your father you're getting to be absolutely impossible. And I don't have to take anything from you! I'm going to have lunch with Peter any time I want to. And maybe I'll make up my mind to marry him. As soon as I get my divorce from Johnny. So!"

"I'm sorry I called you an opportunist," he said, not listening. "Because everybody's an opportunist. I learned that from an old man with a long white



Both actor and playwright acknowledged a lively desire to defend the merits of rye and Scotch.



He crossed his arms behind his head. "I am delighted," she told him, "to find some one as lazy as I am."

beard. Never mind—let it go. Where's my drink? Looking at you, Camilla."

"You're my pal," said Camilla, instantly diverted. "Whatever happens, Tony, you and I are *pals.*"

This was the way that Camilla talked most of the time, and it was not embarrassing to any one who knew her well. Tony realized, with a certain surprise, that he was really quite fond of Camilla. He had been fond of her through three husbands and any number of minor complications. Yes, they were pals. But he found himself leaving her shortly. He had the taste of his own life in his mouth—which was like the taste of a scented cigarette. . . .

He drove the big yellow car past La Jolla; he turned off the coast road and followed a meandering side road to a shining stretch of sand—miraculously free of eggshells and old newspapers.

Tony slid out of the car and walked to this retreat, pleased that he had not gone on the lot with Camilla and the others. After they were through work for the day they were going over the line for a spot of frolic in old Mexico; and ordinarily he was a lad for frolic. There was something, he thought, the matter with him.

But it was a wonderful day. It was one of those days when Nature puts on her blue sunbonnet and takes you by the hand, not tactlessly reminding you that she's immortal and you aren't. Tony Sargent walked over the white sands, and they sang under his feet. He began to feel better with the sound of Camilla's bracelets out of his ears.

He was so sure that he was alone that it was an actual shock to find that he was not, and that in stumbling over a slippery rock he had all but fallen upon a nice-looking girl with a ribbon in her hair: a girl who wore a boy's shirt, faded blue slacks, and a pair of ancient and brine-stained little tennis sneakers.

"I'm sorry!" he said.

"That's all right—you have marvelous equilibrium," said the girl.

"Hey!"

Tony jumped. There was a boy of fifteen or thereabouts, obviously the brother of the nice-looking girl. He had come hurtling on the scene with a model of a twin amphibian which apparently he had just completed, and of which even more apparently he was very proud. They exclaimed over the model. Tony, of course, had his own plane; he knew a little—not very much but a little—about aerodynamics. And the youth, with the pleasant insanity of the air-minded, immediately took Tony into his confidence and, almost as immediately, into his workshop.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. B. WATROUS

The workshop was a lean-to attached to a small ramshackle house which could not be seen from the highway. And the house was a tumble-down sort of place, simply and rudely furnished, which gave Tony Sargent a very good idea of the financial status of its owner. But Tony had always prided himself on not being a snob in any way. He really did despise a snob.

The girl led forward a spry but elderly gentleman whose white hair was rumpled and whose blue eyes were very clear and guileless.

"I'm Jean Townsend," she was saying. "And this is my father—and this is my brother Dick."

"My name's Sargent," he murmured. "Tony Sargent."

Tony was amused. The three Townsends smiled at him —without recognition.

"This—er—encounter was informal," the girl explained to her father. "Mr. Sargent skidded on a pebble and darn near wrecked me. Then Dick dashed down to the beach with his new model, and it seems Mr. Sargent knows all about fuselage jigs and three-bladed props—"

"That's good," said Mr. Townsend, smiling. "You had all the passwords, young man!"

So Tony had coffee and doughnuts with these simple good-humored folk and enjoyed himself tremendously. He discovered that while young Dick toiled over his plane models his father toiled no less assiduously over a book on the finer points of philately—a book, as Tony soon discovered, with no moving-picture possibilities whatsoever. These friendly folk asked him no questions about himself and he refrained from telling them who he was. It is possible that King Cophetua felt the same embarrassment with the beggar maid.

Mr. Townsend was a man of some dignity—in spite of his clothes, which were almost disreputable. And he was obviously a man of some education, in spite of his humble position in life—which seemed to cause him regret but no particular shame.

He was pulling at his old pipe and looking contentedly about the shack.

"I'd like to stay here for the next six months," he said.

"And that's impossible?"

The old man nodded.

"Yes. There's a place called The Pines near San Diego —that's where you'll find us ordinarily."

"You work there, sir?"

"Yes." Mr. Townsend tapped the ashes from his pipe and peered impishly at the elegant young man. "Yes; I'm the caretaker."

"But he's always running away from his job," explained his daughter, reaching for another doughnut. "And one of these days they won't let him come back."

She smiled at Tony. It was too bad, he thought, that she didn't belong to his world. The girl carried off her shabby clothes and her poor surroundings with a gallantry that touched his heart. And she was such a remarkably nice-looking girl, too! She hadn't Camilla's beauty but she had something about her that Camilla didn't have—something indefinable. It was then and there that Tony had his wonderful idea.

HE did not say anything about the wonderful idea until the next day, when a second time he found the girl alone on the beach. He paused for a moment before he let her know he was approaching. She was so good to look upon—propped against a seal-brown rock, her arms clasped about her knees, her face lifted to the serene blue sky, her dark curls swept back from her brow by a spanking little breeze from the sea. He drew a deep breath. *Sargent Pictures presents—*

"Hello!" she said.

"Hello!" said Tony. "Do you mind my barging over like this? Because if I'm in the way or anything—"

"You're not," she assured him.

And with that he tossed his beautiful hat on the sand and sprawled, in all his elegance, at her feet.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that I'd like to be on that cloud up there—you see the one that's shaped rather like a cushion? But please—I'm all out of cigarettes."

He snapped open his platinum case.

"Thanks."

She bent over the proffered match. He discovered that her hair had its own fragrance, a fragrance as clean and sweet as clover.

He crossed his arms behind his head and let the sun beat down on his eyelids.

"This is almost as good as the cloud," he said.

"I am delighted," she told him, "to find some one as lazy as I am."

That reminded him of something. He sat up suddenly.

"By the way," he said, "do you mind my asking if you have any—er—ambitions?"

"I have thousands of 'em," she said placidly. "But they're all impractical."

"I'm serious!"

She propped her chin in her hands and smiled at him. For a few minutes they remained in dangerous proximity —two young people very warm and blissful in the sun.

"Your eyes—" he said unsteadily. "They're so dark and beautiful—"

"And your eyes—" She continued to look at him, but she blushed a little. "I was just thinking that your eyes —they're like clean blue silk!"

He caught her hand as impulsively as any country boy. Sand was clinging to the warm little palm, and gently he brushed away the sand.

"Funny," he said, "how you can meet a person and feel that you've—that you've—"

"Yes," she said quickly.

AFTER that they were silent for a while, with wonder electric between them.

"You know," he said at last, "meeting you this way— it's like something in a play I'm writing."

"How nice!" she said. "You're writing a play?"

"Yes."

He warmed to the topic. Indeed, he talked at some length. No one else had ever been very much interested in Clover Time. None of his friends had ever realized what he felt about writing a play. But he had seen his mother looking at Edwin G. Sargent—when Edwin G. had another of his colossal ideas—exactly as this girl was looking at him now. And she didn't even know who he was. That was the point—she didn't even know who he was!

"Jean!" he said.

"Yes, Tony?"

"Remember my asking you if you had any—ambitions?"

She picked up a stick and wrote the name TONY in wobbly letters on the sand.

"M-m-m," she said.

"Well!" He drew a long breath. "Now hold on to everything and I'll tell you."

"My goodness!" she said. "What is it?"

He was considerate. He paved the way to glory.

"I told you my name was Sargent," he explained. "But I didn't tell you that I happen to be the son of— well, the son of Edwin G. Sargent."

He waited. She looked at him politely.

"My father's the Sargent—of Sargent Pictures," he said.

"I'm sorry," she faltered. "But there are so many modern artists that I don't—"

"Oh, he's not an artist!" said Tony, laughing. "He's the producer—the moving-picture producer, you know."

"Oh, yes?"

"The point is—" He looked at her, anticipating her bliss and astonishment. "The point is, Jean—how would you like to be a screen star?"

But his bomb sizzled out like a wet firecracker.

"Why, that's nice of you," she said with the utmost calm. "But I'd be a rotten actress—not the least speck of talent, as it happens. Look! Look at that gull over there! Now that's what I mean by *flying!* There's something fearfully disappointing about airplanes, don't you think?"

He stared at her, too dumfounded to speak. He could not believe that he had heard what he had heard. Why, from all over the world pretty girls came to Hollywood, stormed the studios, begged and starved and fought their way to the casting offices, and positively trembled and grew faint if they could but touch the sleeve of some one in authority. But here was this girl—this girl living on the edge of nowhere, in a tumble-down old shack—

He had the explanation in a second or two, and he sighed with relief.

"I'm not being funny," he said. "I really am Tony Sargent, you know."

She glanced at him in some surprise.

"Why, yes, of course!"

"Well, then—I guess I didn't make it clear that it wasn't one of those promises that don't mean anything. As a matter of fact, my father's looking for new faces—and there's a chance for you right now in a picture that Rosoff's going to direct. Rosoff! Don't worry about not being able to act. Rosoff can take care of that!"

"It's very good of you," said the girl patiently. "But I'm not really—*interested.*"

The words went on buzzing in his ears, but they didn't mean anything. It was very good of him, but she wasn't really interested—she wasn't really interested. No, there was no sense to this!

TONY had lived all his life in a world wherein realities were shadows and shadows were realities. Why, his first nursemaid had appeared in The Birth of a Nation. Before he could say "daddy" this precocious child could say "D. W. Griffith." And his first tutor had cherished, between the mouthing of Latin verbs, a desire to give Hamlet to the motion-picture public. Tony had grown up with the idea that a man named Shakespeare could write pretty good scenarios. And how all his little playmates had begged for a chance—for just one chance—to meet Mr. Fairbanks!

The years hadn't changed the story. He'd met a number of people. He'd met hat-check girls and ladies of title; he'd met schoolboys and elderly chiropractors; he'd met debutantes and chorus girls, cowboys and politicians and bootblacks. And there was not one of them—there was not one single one of them—who hadn't wanted to go into pictures.

So he stared at this extraordinary young woman, now wriggling her toes in brine-stained little tennis sneakers.

"I don't think you understand what it means," he said gently. "It means at least a thousand a week—as a mere beginning."

She looked at him from an immeasurable distance; he might have been on another planet.

"I only mentioned money," he said, "because—well, because—"

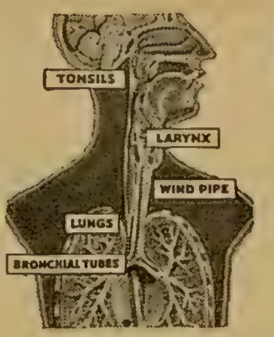
She jumped to her feet and whisked sand from her faded slacks.

"That's all right," she said coolly. "Please don't apologize."

Please don't apologize!

Well, that was good. That was enough to entertain anybody all the way back to San Diego. Yes, that was good! That was one of the funniest things that had ever happened to him.

"Moist-Throat" Method Stops COUGHS *quicker*



● When you catch cold, thousands of moisture glands in the throat and windpipe dry or clog. Sticky phlegm irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture. Phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

Pertussin, by the "moist-throat" method, checks coughs *safely.*

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in 1 year, according to the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Buy a bottle!

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine 63rd year in business. . . Write today!

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 43, **TOLEDO, O.**

THREE INITIAL Monogram BOOK MATCHES

Artisticly Designed in Silver on Red. Instantly Creates an Individual Exclusiveness

100 for $1.00 Postpaid in the U.S.A. *Larger Amounts at Lower Prices*

Send Name and Address with Initials Desired and Inclose $1.00 to

PRINTERS INC. Dept. B READING, OHIO

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL REFRIGERATOR
And this much more in a Shelvador

EXCLUSIVELY IN CROSLEY ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks
Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. *Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles.* Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. SENT ON TRIAL to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 307B State St., Marshall, Mich.

the* ONLY *cough drop

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated With Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

A handy Vicks Cough Drop medicates throat membranes 12 to 15 minutes. Preferred by millions to quick gulp of old-time cough syrups.

SKINNY WEAK RUNDOWN FOLKS!

New Sea Plant IODINE Strengthens Blood and Glands — Adds Lbs. Quick!

Thousands of skinny, weak, worn-out, rundown men and women who are nervous, sick and ailing hardly realize their principal trouble is very frequently iodine starved glands. When these glands, particularly the glands which control weight and strength building, lack natural iodine (do not confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine which oftentimes is toxic), even diets rich in fats and starches fail to add weight and produce strength and energy. That's why skinny, worn-out, tired folks often have huge appetites and yet the food they eat does them little good. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

With Kelpamalt, a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90 foot sea plant, you may be sure of your needed ration of plant iodine in easily assimilable form. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt mixes with your food and helps your food do you good. It stimulates the glands which produce the juices that enable you to get the good out of fats and starches—the weight building foods. With proper assimilation of nourishment you build rugged strength, increase nerve force, banish fatigue and add weight.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay there flesh" appear in place of skinny hollows. Notice how much better you feel and if you do not gain strength and weight the first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurements charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 727, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

NAME..

STREET........................CITY.................

Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Again... **MIDWEST LEADS!**

14-TUBE
5-BAND
WORLD-WIDE RADIO
(9 to 2400 Meters)

$39.50 with New AUDITORIUM TYPE SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

EASY PAY PLAN

SEE this bigger, better, more powerful, super selective "concert" tone, 14-tube, 5-band radio. Out-performs ordinary $150.00 sets. Over 50 advanced features. Secures American, Canadian, police, amateur, airplane and ship broadcasts ... and finest world-wide foreign programs. Foreign reception guarantee. Money-back guarantee. 30-day FREE trial plan. Factory-to-you saves you 50%. Write today for FREE 40-page catalog.

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 88R (*16 Years of Radio Leadership*) Cincinnati, Ohio

Well, it was a wonder he didn't laugh his head off. Any way you looked at it, it was the big laugh of the year. Tony Sargent had offered stardom to a poor little nobody—and he wasn't to apologize. Dear, no! Of course it had been pretty crude of him, but he wasn't to be upset about it. Oh, my, no. Everybody makes mistakes once in a while—certainly he wasn't to *apologize*.

The big car, purring like a cat, arrived at the best hotel in San Diego and paused at the curb, licking the gasoline off its chops. Tony Sargent swaggered into the lobby and scowled at the clerk and the three bellboys. He spoke, aided by powerful lungs, of his bill and his bags and his imminent departure.

Camilla and the others were still on location. They would be driving back to Hollywood on the morrow. He left a note for Camilla saying that something very important was calling him home.

And late that evening he strolled out of the family mansion in Beverly Hills to contemplate idly the lights of the city—a garden of stars. He'd been playing around too long, he thought. He was letting too many unimportant little people nibble the edges of his mind. Soon he wouldn't have any mind. He'd have to get back to work on the play. Leibowitz himself had promised to consider it carefully.

Yes, that was what he'd have to do. He realized, as he frowned down upon the city of the angels, that he was tired of being Edwin G. Sargent's son and heir. He wanted, rather desperately, to be Tony Sargent—you know, the man who wrote that play Clover Time.

Tony bounded over the lawn past a butler with red piping on his waistcoat, and up the marble stairs to a study which would have done justice to Molière. Then he opened one of the drawers of the great mahogany desk and pulled out a sheaf of scribbled pages.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later he was still dissatisfied with himself and no less dissatisfied with Clover Time. That masterpiece was entirely out of hand. Its terrific second-act curtain had dropped right out of the thing and its whole third act had suddenly decided to be the epilogue. Clover Time was Tony's first play, and consequently these antics amazed, disconcerted, and annoyed him.

So, in this melancholy frame of mind, he left the muse for a lady—as many a playwright has done before him. The lady was Camilla—entertaining informally in a house wherein a Moorish influence had been permitted to steal over the general Colonial idea.

Camilla escaped from a grove of swaying black dinner jackets and greeted Tony with considerable enthusiasm. Part of this enthusiasm came out of a glass, but Tony didn't mind that. He wanted loud cheer.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he announced plaintively. "I'm low."

"Have a drink, then, darling," said Camilla.

Tony smiled at her. She was in a dress with wide pink ruffles and in a mood to be cunning.

"Camilla," he said, "I really want to talk to you about my play."

"Your play, darling?"

"You know—the one I told you about. Clover Time."

"Yes," she said, remembering; "but there wasn't a part for me in it."

"No, but—"

"Tony," she said.

She put her hand on his and the diamonds on her hand glittered like ice.

"Tony," she said, "I've seen the rushes of the new picture and—"

"Yes, and?"

"Well, I'm good," she said with restraint. "I'm damned good."

"Of course," he murmured.

HE felt low. He felt lower than ever. But that was not Camilla's fault; because Camilla hated anybody to be low, and now she was leading him gaily into the other room, where a girl with hair like a haystack was playing the Twelfth Street Rag. And after a while Peter Best sang about the pale hands he loved beside the Shalimar, and a boy called Bobby did a trick with three matches. Most of Camilla's guests were the star's court jesters. They were the sort who drank other people's liquor and said yes to everything. They were the shadows of the shadows. No one at the party mattered very much except himself and Peter Best—and Camilla.

It would have been difficult to say just when the atmosphere tightened into a triangle. But he had been in the film colony long enough to recognize it when he saw it. There it was—the good old triangle.

The argument began, curiously enough, not about Camilla but about the advantages of Scotch over rye. The argument, as an argument, had neither wit nor sense. But Peter brought Camilla into it.

"You've got to make up your mind, Camilla," he said solemnly. "If you choose Scotch—it's him. If you choose rye—it's me. Once an'—once and f'r all."

Tony smiled in a way that suggested lace ruffles at the wrists and a pinch of snuff.

And the scene that followed could only have taken place in Hollywood. No one could say, afterward, who had remembered the swords that Camilla had kept as souvenirs of her last picture. But both actor and playwright, admitting a certain skill in fencing, likewise acknowledged a lively desire to defend their gentlemanly honor, the rival merits of rye and Scotch, and the desirability of a lady.

Faces were pale in the light of dawn. The court jesters huddled together, frightened, happy, excited. And Camilla, of course, was the star. She came between the two men and turned from one to the other beseechingly. The situation was tense, and the scene—ah, it was too marvelous! The acacia trees were still against the pale, streaked sky. The dew sparkled faintly on the green wet grass. The first birds chirped. And Tony Sargent, with his head aching, was measuring blades with a man whose eyes burned in a face as white as paper.

They were all ridiculous. They'd all let Hollywood get into their sense of humor. Now—when he was either going to be killed by a drunken fool or going to marry Camilla—he realized that he was in love with a cool-eyed young woman who had refused to go Hollywood! This thought crystallized as Peter Best lunged—and lunged too vigorously and fell over on his face on the wet grass.

Camilla screamed.

"Why, don't you understand?" said Tony. "Nothing happened. There ought to be a retake."

"No!" said Camilla passionately. "I love him, Tony—I love him!"

Tony tried to look stricken. He snapped open his platinum cigarette case. It worked stiffly because there were a few grains of sand about the hinge. He smiled at Camilla.

"You'd better have him taken off that grass," he said. "Pneumonia." . . .

Tony stopped at home just long enough to change his clothes and throw a few things into a pigskin bag. Then he slid behind the wheel of the yellow car and headed south.

Tony drove over a road that was less like a road than a rainbow. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Sargent registered this morning at the Waldorf. Mr. Sargent is the author of Clover Time, now in its fifty-seventh week at the Empire. Mrs. Sargent, before her marriage, was Miss Jean Townsend, daughter of—well, now she was Jean Townsend Sargent. Darling, of course you wouldn't want to go into pictures. You're just a little home girl, a little million-dollar home girl. Darling, how would you like a string of pearls—I mean real pearls—for a wedding present? Or how would you like the moon for a hoop?

HE found the way to The Pines easily enough. There had been no one in the little shack near La Jolla. Its closed windows gave it that forlorn look common to deserted houses, and for a moment he had hammered at the door in a foolish panic. But there was not a resident for miles around who could not have pointed out The Pines with pride. And even Tony, accustomed as he was to the mansions of the film colony, widened his eyes as he drove through the gates.

The caretaker's lodge, nestling in the shade of a giant pepper tree, awaited him in the immediate foreground. But his eyes followed the slope of a vast and velvet-smooth lawn to the great house on the crest. It had obviously been built when Hollywood was nothing but a handful of cheap little bungalows. Its walls had baked in the sun to the color of bisque, displaced here and there by the lace-like leaves of the pepper trees or the bright stain of the scarlet poinsettia. It was something, thought Tony, even to be caretaker of such a place.

But it was not Jean's father who answered his knock on the door of the lodge. The old man who answered his knock waved him into the tidy sitting room and explained.

"The gentleman who had this job before me," he said, "got his rheumatism so bad he had to leave here and go live with his folks. He and his children went to Portland or some such place, if I call it right to mind. He—"

"BUT who's that?" cried Tony. He had caught a glimpse, through the sitting-room window, of a familiar figure in the distance. The figure was that of a spry but elderly gentleman strolling over the velvet lawn—a gentleman who wore an ancient hat perched on his white head and who walked with his fists plunged into the pockets of his baggy tweed trousers. It was certainly Mr. Townsend.

The caretaker came to the window and peered.

"Why, that's the Ambassador, sir! They still call him the Ambassador around here, you know. That's Mr. Henry Townsend, the one who owns this place. A fine gentleman, as simple and easy as an old shoe. But he was the Ambassador to England, of course—the Court of St. James," he brought out proudly. "And they still think a lot of him—it was only last year he took Miss Jean over and introduced her to the King and Queen."

"You're—they're—you're *sure?*"

"Why, o' course!" said the old man in amazement. "It's not as if everybody hadn't heard of Mr. Townsend. Why, they're begging him right now to run for the Presidency. But it seems he don't want to be hustled and bustled—he wants to live quietlike."

"Oh, my!" said Tony weakly. "Oh, my!"

"It's a hot day," the old man ventured. "You're maybe feeling a mite faint, sir?"

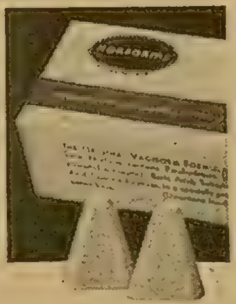
"Yes," said Tony, with a feeble smile; "a mite."

The kindly old man hurried into the kitchen to find some remedy for faintness. Tony stared out of the window. He was not inclined to spare himself. Ten minutes ago, he thought, he'd been all set to take a poor little girl out of her humble home—and to buy the poor little girl a real diamond bracelet, like one of Camilla's, before he introduced her to society. Yes, and he'd been ready to do something big for her father, too—there'd been the thought of a generous allowance in his mind. And if her brother wanted to go to college, even to one of the more expensive colleges—

Then he wheeled suddenly—to find the old caretaker standing on one side of him with a glass of water, and Jean Townsend standing on the other side of him, flicking a riding crop against one of her beautifully polished boots.

"Mr. Pearson," she said, "will you go to see MacKenzie? He's dying

FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER!

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and *safest* way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use . . . much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro para hydroxy mercuri meta cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet *"The New Way."* It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

NORFORMS
for modern feminine hygiene

©N. P. CO. 1936

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

For children's
CROUPY
COUGHS

So often illness starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits usually ease local congestion and pain—bringing comfort and relief. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

TEXAS
LAND OF CONTRASTS

SEE IT ALL AS YOU ENJOY THE
TEXAS
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATIONS

Mountains, plains and seashore! Modern cities and pioneering opportunities! Cotton and corn! Palms and pines! Romantic history under six flags—and history fresh in the making! Such are only a few of Texas' striking contrasts. All will be "on parade" in 1936 during the Texas Centennial Celebrations! This is the year for you to vacation in Texas. Send now for illustrated booklet.

TEXAS
CENTENNIAL
1936

TEXAS CENTENNIAL,
State Headquarters,
Dallas, Texas. 8-A

Please send illustrated literature on Texas and the Centennial Celebrations to:

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________State____________

for your advice about rosebushes."

Obediently the old man ambled out of the room. Jean looked steadily at Edwin G. Sargent's son and heir.

"I knew you were here," she told him. "I saw your car."

He turned several shades redder.

"I hate that car!" he said.

She merely lifted her eyebrows.

"Well," he went on, "I won't take up any more of your time. I guess I was pretty dumb. I didn't understand about all this."

They had come to the door of the lodge by this time. His gesture included the house on the crest and the rolling lawns that surrounded it.

"That was our fault," she acknowledged coldly. "But my father likes to escape his responsibilities once in a while—he wasn't just being funny when he called himself a caretaker."

"Oh, I see how it was," said Tony. He looked at her bravely. "But in Hollywood, you know, we aren't so subtle. If a person isn't bragging his head off, and running around in a car like—like that thing out there—" He drew a deep breath. "We belong to different worlds, that's all."

"You understand," she said then, angrily, "that I don't even like to have my picture taken. It's a complex. Whenever I see a newsreel man, I run—I run miles!"

"Sure," he said. "I understand."

He picked up his beautiful Panama hat and turned to go.

"And then," she was saying, "I hadn't understood your purpose."

"My—what?"

"Why," she said, "I hadn't known you were scouting for your father's pictures. I'd thought your interest was—well, a bit more personal."

Tony spun about on his heels.

"Do you think I'm here now," he demanded, "on *business?*"

"Well," she said, "you never seemed to have anything else on your mind!"

"No; I— But see here. I didn't mean what you thought I meant, and you didn't mean what I—"

"And what's more," she interrupted, "I simply *adore* that car!"

"Do you?" he asked incredulously. "It's rather Hollywood!"

She sighed.

"And what," she asked him, "is the matter with Hollywood?"

He stared at her. She was right, of course. There was nothing the matter with Hollywood. He suddenly remembered how his father looked when he got one of his big ideas, and how his mother looked clapping her hands in wonder. There was more than foolishness in Hollywood. There was foolishness, but there was also faith. Now all his confused thoughts clicked into the sudden heart-warming conviction that Hollywood didn't differ very much from any other place.

"I was wrong," he said shakily. "There aren't a couple of worlds—there's only one."

"Well, then—" She smiled at him.

"Well, then, darling—"

She buried her face against his breast pocket and there was the remembered fragrance of her hair.

"Father likes you," she murmured suddenly. She pulled herself away, laughing a little.

"And I guess Mr. Pearson likes you, too!"

The old man stood in the doorway and cackled.

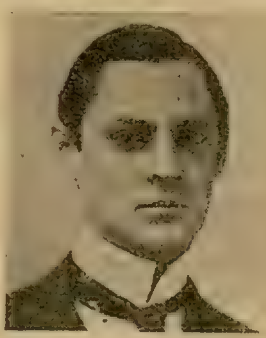
"You fooled me, miss," he said. "Nobody had nothin' to say about them rosebushes!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—This member of the "royal family," born in Philadelphia, appeared in The Rivals in 1893, and was married to Doris Rankin. Can you identify him from the early photo at the right?



2—The air bladders of sturgeons are made into what?

3—What statue has a theater within it?

4—Who at present carries the title of poet laureate of England?

5—In South Carolina, how old must a male be to marry without his parents' consent?

6—What is the title of Amos 'n' Andy's theme song?

7—Which skyscraper is higher, the Crane Tower in Chicago, Illinois, or the Woolworth Building in New York City?

8—How can windows be kept free from frost?

9—What is the average life of a locomotive?

10—Who was opposed to "John Doe" in the suppositious lawsuit devised by Chief Justice Rolle during the reign of Edward III?

11—What is the latest development in mousetraps?

12—Why are fertile prairies treeless?

13—Does a Canadian over sixteen require a passport to enter England?

14—How did the White House gain its name?

15—Are accumulated unpaid dividends properly called accrued dividends?

16—Is Turkey-red oil made from turkeys?

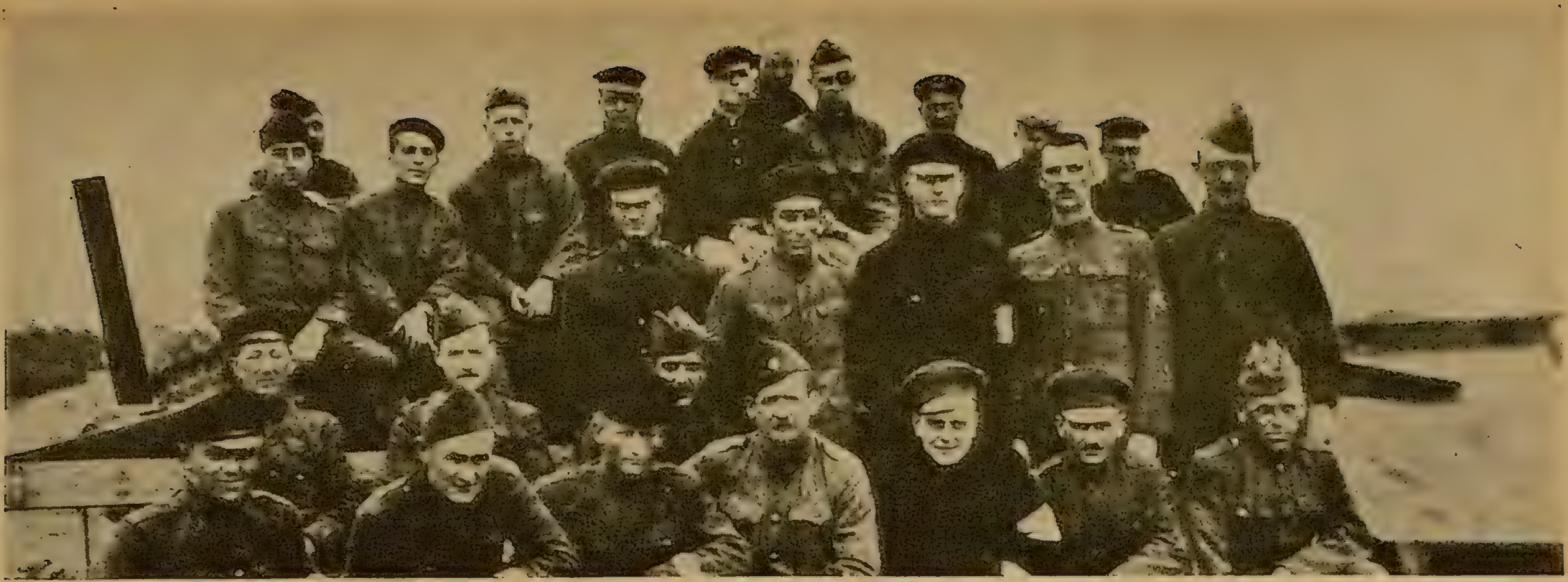
17—What class of women was not allowed to take part in the Oberammergau Passion Play?

18—Is cotton considered to be the most valuable crop of the State of Tennessee?

19—Who wrote and illustrated The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood?

20—The flourishing autograph of which signer is most readily associated with the Declaration of Independence?

(Answers will be found on page 39)



American prisoners in "that icy hell" at Tuchel. In the back row, at right of the center, is Private Hoyt Decker, wearing the black eye patch that Sergeant Ed Halyburton (front row, third from left) managed to obtain for him. At Decker's right, smoking—for Red Cross supplies had reached them—is Danny Gallagher.

TO HELL and BACK

The First American Soldier Wounded and Captured in the War Contributes a Vivid Sequel to Liberty's "Shoot and Be Damned!"

by HOYT DECKER

as told to

GEORGE RANDALL McCORMACK

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Shoot and Be Damned!—his memorable story of his German prison camp experiences, published in Liberty in 1932—Sergeant Ed Halyburton told how, in his presence, his comrade Private Hoyt Decker lost an eyeball that had been left hanging on his cheek by a wound. "I have been asked many times," Mr. Decker writes, "to tell my own story and to corroborate or deny Halyburton's concerning me. I have always refused. Now, for the benefit of those who have asked me about Ed Halyburton, I am endeavoring to show just what kind of fellow Ed really was."

IN 1917 Uncle Sam observed my eighteenth birthday by declaring war against Germany. One week later I joined the army. I was sent immediately to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where I was assigned to Company F, 16th Regular Infantry.

In due course, on June 26 we landed at St. Nazaire, where we were given an enthusiastic welcome by the French. We remained there until July 4, when two battalions of the 16th were chosen to go to Paris to march in the parade in honor of American Independence. Following the parade, we were ordered to remain within our barracks. But no one paid any attention to that order. What a madhouse Paris was that day! What headaches we had the next morning!

On July 6 we left Paris for Gondrecourt, where, under the supervision of General Pershing, we were to undergo intensive training. In October we were declared fit—ready for service at the front. However, we remained in the barracks at Gondrecourt.

The boys became restless. We were trained down to physical perfection, and our superabundance of nervous energy had to find expression somehow. It did! There were fights, dozens of them. With one exception, these were the usual barracks brawls. That one was serious. Ed Halyburton took part in it and, as he has told in Liberty, a fatality resulted.

The next day, after dark, we moved up. We were given strict orders to remain inside at Bathelémont. The Germans controlled the air at that point and had observation balloons and planes up constantly. Despite the warning, some of the boys were observed out on a hillside shaking out their blankets. It was all off then! The Germans had discovered we were there. Accordingly, we were notified that we would take over the front line. Thomas Enright came to me and said, "Say, Decker, let's take our francs and have a party. I got a feeling that this is about the last party we're going to have together." Poor Tom! It was his last party. He was one of the first to fall. And when his body was found, with the throat cut from ear to ear, the news spread through the American lines like wildfire and a grim determination gripped the heart of every American soldier.

On the morning of November 2 we were told that we would go up that night to take over the front line. A call was made for volunteers to go up on the first watch. I was among those who took advantage of the offer. I was placed in the rifle grenade squad and assigned to a listening post some 300 yards in advance of the front line. It was cold, and a mixture of rain and snow was falling.

There were five of us—Homer Givens, Vernon Kemdall, Clyde Grimbsley, John Lester, and myself—assigned to the listening post. Like a bunch of Boy Scouts inspecting a strange cave, we examined it carefully. Then we lined up on the firing step and looked over toward the German lines. Occasionally a flare would go up. Our pockets were stuffed with canned meat and hardtack and, since there was nothing else to do, we ate until we could not swallow another bite. We even struck matches and smoked cigarettes! Then an officer came along and said some of us might sleep while the others watched. Then he ordered us to fire two rounds each toward the German lines. We did, and then he left.

But we didn't sleep. We didn't want to. We sat there smoking cigarettes and talking.

Suddenly a flare of unusual intensity went up. Then, in rapid succession, three H. E. shells sailed over and burst with a deafening roar on the hillside. "Must be gettin' along toward morning," Grimbsley said. "The Krauts are waking up." I looked at my watch. It was exactly three o'clock. The next instant there began a veritable cloudburst of shells. The horizon glowed like a blast furnace. Shrapnel and high explosives burst all about us. Sections of barbed wire were torn loose and flung high into the air. Geysers of dirt spouted and rained down on us. The very earth rocked beneath our feet, and the air above seemed alive with whining, screeching metal.

At first we were curious. Then suddenly we came to our senses and dived beneath an iron covering, where I lay flat on the ground and pressed my face into the soil. I was scared stiff. I trembled like a leaf from head to foot. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the firing ceased. We knew, from our training at Gondrecourt, what that meant—a direct assault. We jumped to our feet, grabbed our rifles, and took our places on the firing step. Then the high explosives began to drop back of us—to the left, to the right. We were trapped in a box barrage!

The worst part of it all was the suspense—standing there waiting for them to come. We didn't have to wait long. We heard them leave the trenches, screaming like maniacs. We couldn't see them but we could see the gleam of the tiny flashlights they wore on their blouses. So we fired in their general direction. Then the Very lights began to burst over us. The Germans' machine guns rattled, and an instant later they opened up with their pistols, rifles, and grenades. They were within fifty feet of us when there was a blinding flash to the left of me and I was hurled against the bottom of the trench. I remember seeing Homer Givens throw up his hands and pitch backward from the firing step.

The next thing I knew, I was being dragged across no man's land by three German soldiers. The French batteries began to lay down a counterbarrage and we were caught out in the open between the lines. Finally we reached the German trenches, where we went immediately to a deep dugout.

There the Germans searched me. They paid no further attention to me until I asked for a drink. Then one of them got up and brought me a pot of cold coffee. So far I had experienced no pain from my injury—only a feeling of numbness and inability to see with my left eye. As I sat there I rubbed my face with a handkerchief and saw that there was blood on it.

PRESENTLY a guard came and took me to another dugout—officers' headquarters. Ed Halyburton, Danny Gallagher, Herschel Godfrey, John Lester, Clyde Grimbsley, Vernon Kemdall, and Harold Loughman were already there. They looked at me as if I had been a ghost. The only other person in the room was a fat old officer seated at a roll-top desk.

When we started to talk, the officer, without even looking at us, bellowed in English, "Do not speak another word in English! Remain standing!" I tried to stand up but I began to get sick. I thought a cigarette might help. I asked for one, and the officer raised his head. Then I got so weak I couldn't stand. "I don't give a damn what you say," I cried, "I'm going to sit down! I'm hurt!" He paid no attention to me.

Then the door opened and an officer—a perfect double for von Stroheim—entered the room. Like a flash he turned to Herschel Godfrey and demanded, "How long have you been in the army?" Godfrey said, "Oh, about two years. How long you been in?" Godfrey did not intend to be insolent or funny. He was just acting naturally. It was his way. The officer's face became livid but he controlled himself.

It was this same officer who tried to get information from Halyburton concerning the American army. When Ed refused to answer his questions, he became furious and declared he would have him shot. It was then that Halyburton told him to "shoot and be damned!"

Meanwhile, after his question to Godfrey, the officer ordered us all to stand. Then he came to where I was leaning against the wall. He peered into my face and asked, "*Was ist das?*" Then he reached up and jerked the mass of clotted blood and mud from my face. It was my eyeball! He had jerked it out! It was that eyeball, dangling on my cheek by the nerve, that had caused the boys to look at me so strangely when I came in. Perhaps the officer was merely curious and meant to do me no harm. Possibly he didn't know it was my eyeball. At all events, it was ruptured and would have been removed anyway. Not knowing the man's motives, I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

BUT the pain was so excruciating that, as Ed has told, I fainted on the spot. When I regained consciousness I was jolting along in an ambulance filled with screaming, cursing men—Germans wounded in the attack on our lines. The pain in my head was terrific and my other eye was rapidly swelling shut. When we finally reached the hospital, it seemed hours before I was stripped and laid on a table. Then the pain became unbearable and I rolled off to the floor. They grabbed me and strapped me to the table. A cloth was placed over my face and I heard a woman say in English, "Breathe deeply."

When I came to, I was in a large ward. I yelled for water, and made motions to show an orderly what I meant. He brought me a pitcher of iced water and I drank every drop of it. That cold water, along with the anesthetic and the food I had eaten in the listening post, came nearer to killing me than did the German army. I was so sick that at first I was afraid I would die. Then I was afraid that I wouldn't!

On the last day at this Strasbourg Military Hospital I was given my clothes and ordered to dress. Then I was taken to the operating room, where the doctors scraped the socket of my eye. This was done without the use of an anesthetic and the pain almost drove me mad. I learned later that, because of the scarcity of medical supplies, I was lucky to have had an anesthetic at the time of my first operation. I apparently received the same professional attention as did the German soldiers.

Accompanied by two guards, I was taken from Strasbourg to St. Avold, where my clothes were taken from me and I was imprisoned in a little room on the second floor of a gymnasium. There I sat day after day, clad only in a tattered bathrobe, while hundreds of people came to see the wounded American soldier.

Breakfast was a bowl of watery soup and a thin slice of bread. Dinner and supper were the same, but the bread was omitted. One day I was sitting with my back to the door eating my soup when the door opened. Thinking it was the guard entering, I didn't turn around. The next instant some one struck me a terrific blow on the neck. I got to my feet as quickly as possible. Another blow staggered me across the room. I turned and saw a German officer—a major in the Medical Corps. His face was purple with anger. "You'll salute German officers, damn you, or you'll be shot! You're not in the United States now! You're in Germany!"

His hand rested uncomfortably near the Mauser pistol thrust under his belt. The expression on his face was an unmistakable invitation to me to commit suicide. One word—one move—and I am positive he would have killed me. I am satisfied that he would have welcomed the slightest excuse to do so. He stood glowering at me a moment, then turned and left the room.

Before I had recovered from the shock of that, another officer came in. He called me by name and spoke almost without accent: "Decker, I have come to warn you! You must salute German officers! If you refuse to salute, they will have you shot. We do not tolerate that even among the German soldiers."

I turned toward him so he could see my injured eye.

I told him I had been seated with my back to the door and hadn't seen the officer enter.

"Be damned sure you see them from now on, or I warn you—it will go hard with you!"

One morning I saw a boy about ten years old enter the courtyard. He stood for some time gazing up at me. I smiled and waved to him, but he made no return of the greeting. Each morning for more than a week he came to the courtyard, always at the same hour. Each time he came, I waved to him and smiled. Then one morning he smiled, and waved to me by opening and closing his hand while he looked unconcernedly in the opposite direction.

That was the first gesture of real friendliness that I had experienced since my capture. It made me very happy and I looked forward eagerly to his daily visits. One morning an ambulance loaded with wounded entered the courtyard. The boy took advantage of the commotion to slip along the wall until he was under my window. Then he reached into his blouse and pulled out a small package, and motioned for me to catch it.

I slipped my arm through the bars. Up came the package and I missed it. The next time, I caught it and slipped it under the cover of my bed. All the while there was a guard seated in the little room with me; but he was absorbed in the book he was reading.

Hoyt Decker as he looks today.

When the opportunity came, I opened the little package, done up in coarse brown paper, and found a small piece of moldy cheese. Tears streamed down my face. What a sacrifice! Food was so scarce in Germany that there were cases of actual starvation among the civilians. I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure today than to see that boy again—the boy who sacrificed his dinner to give the enemy a bite.

From St. Avold I was taken to Kameke. There were two guards with me, and we had just left the train when one of the great Allied air raids on the place occurred. As the bombs began to explode, the people in the depot became panicky. Every one was ordered into the deep cellars below the station, and when the doors were opened a stampede ensued. Persons were knocked down and trampled.

A WOMAN was caught in the rush. She was carrying a huge bundle and trying to manage a two-year-old child. The child became separated from her and toddled directly in front of me as I entered the cellar door. I picked it up and carried it below. It was crying, and I could hear the terrified screams of the frantic mother. Presently she forced her way through the crowd to where we stood. I handed the child to her. Then she turned and asked the guards who I was. She got the usual answer, "*Das ist der Amerikaner!*"

Immediately she began to thank me in English. She inquired about my injury, asked how old I was. I told her I was eighteen. "Only a boy—and you're ruined for life!" She wiped the tears from her cheek and told me her troubles. She had worked in England for a number of years. Then she had returned to Germany to marry the man she loved. How happy they had been before the war! How kind her husband had been and how he hated violence in any form! She told how they had prospered and had bought a little home. Then came the war. Her husband was one of the first killed. The little home and business went for taxes. "He died without even seeing his son! Oh, God! Why do they have to have wars?"

At Kameke a guard led me down a long corridor and opened the door to a cell and I stepped in. If my own family had been there I couldn't have been any happier than I was when I saw Halyburton, Kemdall, Godfrey, and the rest of the gang there. We were so happy we all cried. Then I asked about the food, and they said it was terrible and so were the lice. Both were, indeed!

From Kameke we were taken to Giessen, and from Giessen to Darmstadt, where we were given an excellent room near the officers' quarters. The food allowance was so liberal that we at once suspected that something was wrong. One day shortly after Christmas we were told that we were going to a large American camp. Four days later, when we got off the train, I looked up and read the sign—Tuchel. "My God!" one of the boys cried. "This isn't an American camp! It's the worst prison camp in Germany! We're clear over in West Prussia. We'll never see home again!"

IN Shoot and Be Damned! Halyburton, with Ralph Goll as collaborator, described that icy hell at Tuchel—the filth, the Russian prisoners dying like flies, the hard-boiled old Prussian commandant related to the Kaiser, and, above all, the "stare of starvation"—so well and in such detail that there is no need to go over it again. He told what we did about it. I can add this:

After our arrival we went to bed hungry—nothing to eat in almost five days. We could not sleep, so we lay in our bunks and talked. "Let's not be like these poor Russian ———s," said Clyde Grimbsley. "Let's hold up. I suggest that we form some sort of organization." We all agreed; and as we lay there, hungry and wet in that stinking hole, we formed the American Prisoners of War Association. Ed Halyburton was the unanimous choice for president. We agreed, among other things, that it was better to be shot than to starve and suffer, and that some one must go to the commandant and tell him that we refused to conduct ourselves as prisoners unless we were accorded the treatment guaranteed prisoners under the international code.

"I'll tell him that myself!" Halyburton said. "I'll tell him tomorrow." And he did! The commandant was a tough customer, but he listened to Ed and, as one soldier to another, respected his courage and determination. Ed was the only prisoner I know of who went before that commandant to protest and didn't get his face slapped!

One morning when we had been there about a week we were summoned to the office. The sergeant in charge made us take off our shoes and gave us wooden shoes in exchange. Then he gave Halyburton an American army overcoat. The wooden shoes filled with snow at every step and practically ruined our feet.

The most dreaded of all the forced work at Tuchel was the wood detail. Twenty men were assigned to each wagon. We left before daylight and pulled the wagons to the forest, where we dug out stumps. It was so bitter cold and the work was so hard, considering the wood we got, that we brought back an average of five dead on each wagon every day. When I was assigned to it, a Russian said to me: "Comrade, I am sorry! Now you die!" But I cheated him. I was on the detail only three days.

We had many strange companions at Tuchel. One was a big rawboned peasant woman who had served in the Battalion of Death. She so resembled a man that we were there for some time before we knew there was a woman among the prisoners. As far as I know, she was never molested; with her vacant, bovine stare, her almost toothless gums, and her coarse features, she had little to excite the imagination. There may have been women among the prisoners in the other blocks. I do not know about that.

We lived in continual dread of cholera and dysentery. Consequently the slightest ailment assumed major proportions in our otherwise unoccupied imaginations. If we had sore mouth, we immediately suspected that we were getting scurvy. If our feet and ankles were swollen, we thought it was dropsy, as we knew of nothing else that caused such swelling. A pain in the abdominal region was diagnosed as cholera or dysentery.

One night I was awakened by a sharp, gnawing pain about my stomach. I had fever, and by morning I was too weak to get out of my bunk unassisted. One of the Russians came to look at me. "Comrade, you have dysentery! You are going to die!" I was determined that I was not going to. I had the boys help me out to where the line was forming for medical inspection. When the doctor came along, I stood; I said something to attract his attention. He tapped me with his cane, and a few hours later I was in Tuchel Hospital.

The hospital was filthy. But it was dry, and you got two blankets—loathsome and alive with vermin though they were. The doctor came around once a week. The only medical treatment was as follows: Every evening a big Russian would pass through the ward with a cigar box of red, white, blue, and pink pills. He would stop beside each bed and offer the box. I tasted each color and found that the red pills were sweet. After that I took only red ones. Something cured me of dysentery, but certainly it wasn't the pills. Every one took them, and men died all about me like flies.

One afternoon a man came in to talk to me. He was the Spanish ambassador to Germany, and he promised to do what he could to help us. I asked him why we had received no food through the American Red Cross. He didn't know. As I afterward learned, it was not until March, 1918, following his visit, that the Red Cross—which had been making every effort—succeeded in learning where we were located. Food and other necessaries were forthcoming at once through its Swiss auxiliary.

The arrival of the first boxes from the Red Cross came near to costing me my life. I was still in the hospital, and as I opened the boxes the others gathered around like famished wolves. There were hardtack, corned beef, canned beans, sugar, coffee, and a pound of fat pork in the box. I immediately cut up the pork in small pieces, warmed it in a can, and drank the warm grease like water. Almost immediately a wave of new life started at the very tips of my toes and surged upward through my body, transforming me into an entirely different individual.

I gave the Russian who had carried in my boxes some hardtack and corned beef. Along toward evening he came to me and said, "Now that you have the food, how are you going to protect it? You can't stay awake all the time." I packed all the food in the bed and lay down on it. The first night everything was all right; the second night I was awakened by some one crawling under my bed. Then, like a flash, he was on top of me, clutching at my throat and squealing like a trapped rat. For a moment I thought he would choke me. Then he began to weaken and I threw him to the floor. I grabbed a can of beans, intending to brain him if he attacked again. Apparently he had had enough, for I heard him crawling over the cots by the door.

The next day I was returned to Tuchel. It made me happy to see the boys again, and they were glad to see me. Our contact with the Red Cross had worked wonders. More Americans had arrived and we were transferred to a separate barracks. We set to work immediately to clean up both the place and ourselves, as Halyburton has related. When all was shipshape we gave every man in the barracks a regular duty. I was put in charge of the library; my job was keeping all eight of our books—paper-back novels sent us by the Swedish Y. M. C. A.—in circulation and repair. Our barracks became a model and the prison officials always brought visitors to it.

AS I have said, Halyburton got an overcoat after we came to Tuchel. Brushing the coat one Sunday, he happened to turn up the collar. There, in indelible ink, was the name Merle D. Hay, Company F, 16th Regular Infantry, U. S. A. How could Hay's overcoat have got all the way to Tuchel? Then Halyburton discovered a small hole in the breast of the coat. There was another hole in the lining at the back, and in the tail of the coat he found a bullet, fired from a German service rifle. Later on, American prisoners brought us the story of Hay, Thomas Enright, and Bethel Gresham. Those three of the 16th Infantry were the first American soldiers to die in action.

With the arrival of spring things weren't quite so bad at Tuchel. In July the Spanish ambassador returned to see us. There were sixty-five Americans there then, including a poor fellow who was hopelessly insane from shell shock. The ambassador said he was reasonably sure we wouldn't be at Tuchel much longer. The next morning a Russian who worked in the office came running to me.

"Comrade, you are going to Danzig tomorrow. You are to be exchanged. From Danzig you will go to Denmark; from there, to England."

I packed my things and the boys gave me dozens of messages for the folks at home. At Danzig I was quartered in the Festungs Lazaret, a magnificent hospital-hotel. Two British officers and a Russian general, who were on parole and had freedom of the city, took me about and showed me all the points of interest. Then one morning a guard was stationed at my door and I was not permitted to leave my room.

Captain Paul Jacquet, a distinguished Belgian officer whom I had met, came one morning and said, "Decker, I am sorry, but you're not going to be exchanged. You're going back to Tuchel!" Then he asked me if I was willing to try to escape with him. He said he had already bribed the way clear for us. We were to board a boat for Denmark the following Wednesday, disguised as stokers. I agreed to go with him. "I'll leave a note saying that I am subject to capture as a parole violator," he said. On Monday he came to my room and said that everything was fixed for us to leave Wednesday morning at four o'clock. Tuesday afternoon the guard told me to get ready—we were leaving for Tuchel within an hour!

I often wonder if Jacquet got safely home to the beautiful girl who, with his mother, had stood on a street corner in Liége and seen him marched away, a prisoner. I know the return to Tuchel was the keenest disappointment of my life!

I HAD been back there less than a week when news came that we were to be transferred. Our journey to Rastatt was a holiday. Our one problem was to look after the poor shell-shocked fellow, for he was as unmanageable as a two-year-old child. At Berlin we were given a complete outfit of new American service clothing.

We were surprised at the number of Americans at Rastatt, and at the utter lack of morale among the men. They had lost all sense of self-respect; they were dirty and unshaved. "Those fellows are a disgrace to the uniform," said Halyburton. "Let's get the original members of the American Prisoners of War Association together and tell 'em what's what!" He certainly told them. And it worked. He was the ranking noncom and he made them like it. In a few days you wouldn't have recognized Rastatt or its former occupants.

The German officer in charge of propaganda at Rastatt got up a newspaper, which pitied "the poor Americans—hoodwinked and led to slaughter through British propaganda," or spoke of "the friendship that has always linked America and Germany." Ed read the first edition and ordered every copy collected and burned. Hell popped, and Ed was transferred. But, through the efforts of Mr. Conrad Hoffman of the Y. M. C. A., he was soon returned to Rastatt.

We did not get the news of the Armistice until November 12, and after it we had to stay on there until a train could be sent for us. On December 12 a hospital train pulled into Rastatt, and I was among those ordered aboard. The boys decided to wreck the prison before leaving. They burned everything inflammable. They'd have burned the barracks too, but Ed prevented that.

From Rastatt we went to Switzerland. At Bern there was a great banquet in our honor. Then I went to Vichy, where I spent ten days in a hospital as a diphtheria suspect. I sailed from Brest on the Leviathan, and when we arrived at New York a flock of newspapermen with an armload of cameras rushed on board yelling for Hoyt Decker. I put the boys next and they told them I wasn't aboard.

When I returned to Indiana, I tried to work at my former occupation as a bridge engineer. The loss of my eye, with some impairment of my left ear, made that impossible. Since then I have worked at various occupations. In 1933 the government gave me the Purple Heart award, of which I am very proud.

Well, I promised to tell those who have inquired of me the truth concerning that rough, courageous, and absolutely fearless American, Ed Halyburton. To the best of my ability I have done so.

Now what do you think of Ed?

THE END

"I Count Costs to the Penny!

I *KNOW* PLYMOUTH COSTS LESS TO RUN!"

"I CARRY A LOT OF SAMPLES and displays...that fine, big trunk of Plymouth's is a tremendous convenience."

"DEPENDABLE AS A GOOD WATCH...that's what my car must be. And that's exactly what my Plymouth is!"

INTERSECTING STREETS
SLOW
BE CAREFUL

"I'M THANKFUL for Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes. They make driving easier—as well as safer."

"MY PLYMOUTH averages 19.6 miles per gallon of gas and uses less oil than any car I've had."

"WE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN and need a big car," says Mr. Nowell, "and we picked Plymouth because it's so roomy an comfortable! We always feel safer in its Safety-Steel Body, too." Here are the Nowells with their beautiful 1936 Plymoutl

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH J. ROGER NOWELL, SALESMAN, 207 MIDDLESEX STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"I'VE KEPT accurate cost records... and I *know* my Plymouth costs less to run." Roger Nowell, representative for a paper company, drives 35,000 miles a year.

"I make fifteen stops a day," says Mr. Nowell, "and my 1936 Plymouth is averaging exactly 19.6 miles to the gallon.

"And let me tell you I wouldn't own a car without genuine hydraulic brakes... driving in the mountains as much as I do. I have checked my tire-marks on a wet road after a quick stop and found them perfectly straight.

"It's a reliable car," Mr. Nowell says, "and there's no fatigue driving it."

Isn't this what *you* want in your next car? Drive this beautiful 1936 Plymouth. Give it a real "try-out" for safety, economy, comfort and reliability. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly arrange a trial... *ask for it.*

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

Insist on the **Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN**

Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers

You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

AS agent of the General Fidelity of California, Walter Huff calls at the home of his client, Mr. Nirdlinger, to see about the renewal of an automobile insurance policy. Nirdlinger is out, but his wife, Phyllis, talks with the agent and promises him her co-operation in the matter. Her singular manner and sidelong glances disturb him, and her interest in accident insurance sets Huff speculating.

She telephones his office three days later and makes an afternoon appointment, and when he arrives Mrs. Nirdlinger invites him to tea, telling him pointedly that the maid is away—they are cozily alone for a tête-à-tête. Again her deliberate exercise of feminine lure attracts his attention. What is her game? In a flash he has the answer when Phyllis artlessly inquires if she can't take out accident insurance on her husband's life without his knowledge. She says she worries herself sick over the hazards Mr. Nirdlinger is under in the oil fields.

Walter Huff knows he ought to get out of the place, but the woman's physical charms overcome any move of the sort. So, instead of quitting temptation, he yields, and the pair kiss like lovers. Later that night she visits him in his bungalow, and protests that she is sorry to have lost her head that afternoon, that they must forget the folly. Huff knows she is putting on an act, and tells her bluntly he is fully aware of her deep design to kill her husband. Indignantly she denies this accusation and leaves him.

But Phyllis comes back the next night, and Huff, who has been waiting a chance to pull off "the perfect crime" long before he met her, assures her that together they can get away with the murder and share a fifty-thousand-dollar-premium reward. He carries out his foolproof scheme of insuring Mr. Nirdlinger in an accident policy for $25,000 without his knowledge, yet with his signature!

The plot depends on getting Nirdlinger on a train so that the "accident" will bring double indemnity. But how persuade him? In the midst of this problem Phyllis calls up Walter at his office: "Something has happened!"

"I'll go home," he answers. "Call me there in a half hour."

PART THREE—THE DEED IS DONE

THE phone rang a couple of minutes after I got home. "The Palo Alto trip is off," came Phyllis's voice. "He's broken his leg."

"What! Well, I guess that knocks it in the head."

"I'm afraid so."

I was at dinner before it came to me that instead of knocking it in the head, maybe this fixed it up perfect. I walked three miles around the living room, wondering if she'd come that night, before I heard the bell ring.

"I've only got a few minutes. I'm supposed to be on the boulevard, buying him something to read. I could cry. Whoever heard of such a thing?"

I pulled his head back. He grabbed my hand in both of his. I took the cigar with my free hand and handed it to her.

DEATH COMES, AND DOOM CASTS ITS SHADOW BEFORE, IN

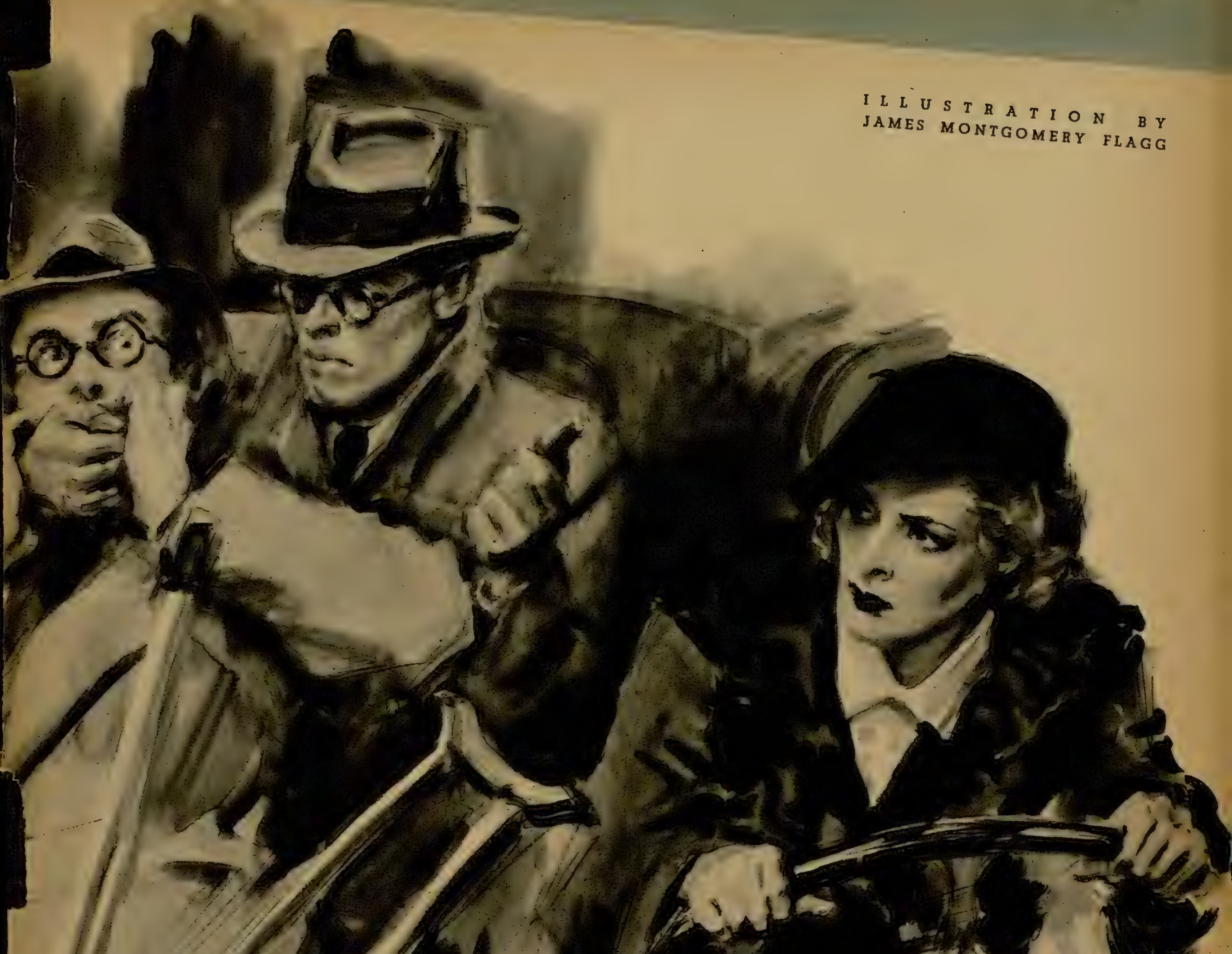

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

by JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The Postman Always Rings Twice

THE GRIMLY REALISTIC STORY OF A "PERFECT CRIME"

"Listen, Phyllis. Never mind that. What kind of break has he got? I mean, is it bad?"

"It's down near the ankle. No, it's not bad."

"Is it in pulleys?"

"No. There's a weight on it, that comes off in about a week. But he won't be able to walk. He'll have to wear a cast. A long time."

"He'll be able to walk."

"You think so?"

"If you get him up."

"What do you mean, Walter?"

"On crutches he can get up, if you get him up. Because with his foot in a cast *he won't be able to drive*. He'll have to go by train. Phyllis, this is what we've been hoping for."

"You think so?"

"And then another thing. I told you, he gets on that train but he don't get on it. All right, then. We've got a question of identification there, haven't we? Those crutches, that foot in a cast—there's the most perfect identification a man ever had. Oh, yeah, I'm telling you. If you can get him off that bed, and make him think he ought to take the trip anyway, just as a vacation from all he's been through—we're in. I can feel it. We're in."

"It's dangerous, though."

"What's dangerous about it?"

"I mean getting a broken-leg case out of bed too soon. I used to be a nurse, and I know. It's almost certain to affect the length. Make one leg shorter than the other, I mean."

"Is that all that's bothering you?"

It was a minute before she got it. Whether one leg was going to be shorter than the other, that was one thing he didn't have to worry about.

Decoration Day they don't have mail delivery, but the day watchman sends over to the General Fidelity box and gets it. There was a big envelope for me marked "Personal." I opened it and found a booklet. It was called, Colloids in Gold Mining. An Examination of Methods in Dealing with the Problem. Inside, it was inscribed, "To Mr. Walter Huff, in appreciation of past favors, Bernanino Sachetti." . . .

Nirdlinger's train was to leave at nine forty-five at night. Around four o'clock I drove down to San Pedro Street and talked employers' liability to the manager of a wine company. There wasn't a chance of landing him until August, when the grapes came in and his plant opened up, but I had a reason. He explained why he wasn't ready to do business yet, but I put on an act and went back to the office. I told Nettie I thought I had a real prospect, and to make out a card for him. The card automatically gave the date of the first call, and that was what I wanted.

I GOT home around six, and the Filipino was all ready to serve dinner. I had seen to that. That was the third of June, and I should have paid him on the first, but I had pretended I had forgotten to go to the bank, and put him off.

Today, though, I had stopped at the house for lunch, and paid him. That meant that when night came he could hardly wait to go out and spend it.

He left around a quarter to seven. When he came up to ask if there was anything else, I was taking off my clothes getting ready to go to bed. I told him I was going to lie there and do a little work. I got some paper and pencils and made a lot of notes, like I was figuring up the public liability stuff for the man I talked to in the afternoon.

Then I went down and called the office. Joe Pete, the night watchman, answered. "Joe Pete, this is Walter Huff. Do me a favor, will you? Go up to my office, and right on top of the desk you'll find my rate book. It's a loose-leaf book with a soft leather back, and my name stamped in gold on the front, and under that the word 'Rates.' I forgot to bring it home, and I need it. Will you get it and send it up to me by messenger right away?"

"O. K., Mr. Huff. Right away."

Fifteen minutes later he rang back and said he couldn't find it. "I looked all over the desk, Mr. Huff, and through the office besides, and there's no such book there."

I had put that rate book in a place where he'd never find it. But it was one person that had called me at home that night, and I was there, working hard. There'd be others.

A quarter to eight the phone rang again. It was Phyllis. "The blue."

"Blue it is."

That was a check on what suit he would wear. We were pretty sure it would be the blue, but I had to be sure, so she was to duck down to the drugstore to buy him an extra toothbrush, and call. No danger of its being traced; there's no record on dial calls. Soon as she hung up I dressed. I put on a blue suit too. But before that I wrapped up my foot. I put a thick bandage of gauze on it, and over that adhesive tape. I checked on a pair of horn-rim glasses, like he wore. They were in my pocket. So was fifty-eight inches of light cotton rope, rolled small. So was a handle I had made, like stores hook on packages but heavier, from an iron rod. My coat bulged, but I didn't care.

TWENTY minutes to nine I called Nettie. "Did you see my rate book before I left?"

"Indeed I didn't, Mr. Huff."

Nettie lives in Burbank, and it's a toll call. The record would show I called from the house at eight forty. As soon as I got rid of her I opened the bell box and tilted half a visiting card against the clapper, so if the phone rang it would fall down. Then I did the same for the doorbell clapper in the kitchen. I would be out of the house an hour and a half, and I had to know if the doorbell rang or the phone rang. If they did, that would be while I was in the bathroom taking a bath, with the door shut and the water running, so I didn't hear. But I had to know.

Soon as I had the cards fixed I got in my car and drove over to Hollywoodland. It's just a few minutes from my house. I parked on the main street, a couple of minutes' walk from the house. I had to be where a car wouldn't attract any attention, but at the same time I couldn't be so far off that I had to do much walking. Not with that foot.

Around the bend from the house is a big tree. There's no house in sight of it. I slipped behind it and waited. I waited exactly two minutes, but it seemed like an hour. Then I saw the flash of headlights. The car came around the bend. She was at the wheel, and he was beside her with his crutches under his elbow on the door side.

When the car got to the tree it stopped. That was exactly according to the play. Next came the ticklish part. It was how to get him out of the car for a minute, with the bags in back and everything all set, so I could get in. If he had been all right on his two feet there would have been nothing to it, but getting a cripple out of a car once he gets set, and especially with a well person sitting right beside him, is like getting a hippopotamus out of a car.

She opened up just like I had coached her: "I haven't got my pocketbook."

"Didn't you take it?"

"I thought so. Look on the back seat."

"No, nothing back there but my stuff."

"I can't think what I've done with it."

"Well, come on, we'll be late. Here, here's a dollar. That'll be enough till you get back."

"I must have left it on the sofa in the living room."

"Well, all right, all right, you left it on the sofa in the living room. Now get going."

She was coming to the part I had taken her over forty times.

"But I want my pocketbook."

"What for? Isn't a buck enough?"

"But it's got my lipstick in it."

"Listen. Can't you get it through your head we're trying to catch a train? This isn't an automobile trip, where we start when we get ready. It's a railroad train, and it goes at nine forty-five, and when it goes it goes. Come on. Start up."

"Well, if you're going

(Continued on page thirty)

Back home THERE'S A TELEPHONE

Chat with them at least once a week, for their happiness and yours. Reduced rates for Long Distance calls to most points apply all day Sunday and after 7 every evening. Make some one happy—try a call tonight.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

to talk that way—"

"What way?"

"All I said was that I wanted my—"

He ripped out a flock of cuss words, and at last I heard the crutches rattling against the side of the car. As soon as he was around the bend, hobbling back to the house, I dived in the front door and climb over the seat into the back, so he wouldn't hear the back door close. That's a sound that always catches your ear—a car door closing. I crouched down there in the dark. He had his bag and his briefcase on the seat.

"Did I do it all right, Walter?"

"O. K. so far. How did you get rid of Lola?"

"I didn't have to. She was invited to something over at U. C. L. A., and I took her to the bus at seven."

"O. K. Back up now, so he won't have so far to walk. Try and smooth him down."

"All right."

She backed up to the door and he got in again. She started off.

Back where I was, I couldn't see where we were. I was even afraid to breathe for fear he'd hear me. She was to drive so she didn't make any sudden stops, or get herself tangled in traffic, or do anything that would make him turn his head around to see what was back of us. He didn't. He had a cigar in his mouth, and lay back in the seat, smoking it. After a while she gave two sharp raps on the horn. That was our signal that we had come to a dark street we had picked out, about a half mile from the station.

I raised up, put my hand over his mouth, and pulled his head back. He grabbed my hand in both of his. The cigar was still in his fingers. I took it with my free hand and handed it to her. She took it. I took one of the crutches and hooked it under his chin. I won't tell you what I did then. But in two seconds he was curled down on the seat with a broken neck, and not a mark on him, except a crease right over his nose from the crosspiece of the crutch.

We were right up with it—the moment of audacity that has to be a part of any successful murder. For the next twenty minutes we were in the jaws of death, not for what would happen now but for how it would go together later. She started to throw the cigar out, but I stopped her. He had lit that cigar in the house, and I had to have it. She held it for me, and wiped the end of it as well as she could, while I went to work with the rope. I ran it across his shoulders, just below the neck, under his arms, and back across his back. I tied it hard, and hooked the handle on, so it caught both sections of the rope, and drew them tight.

"We're there, Walter. Shall I park now or drive around the block?"

"Park now. We're ready."

She stopped. It was on a side street, about a block from the station. She got out and took the bag and briefcase. He was one of the kind that puts his toilet articles in a briefcase for use on the train, and that was a break for me later. I wound up all the windows, took the crutches, and got out. She locked the car. We left him right where he was, curled down on the seat, with the harness on him.

SHE went ahead with the bag and briefcase. I came along behind, with the bandaged leg half lifted up, walking on the crutches. That looked like a woman making it easy for a cripple. Really, it was a way to keep the redcap from getting a good look at me when he took the bags. Soon as we got around the corner, in sight of the station, here came one running. He did just what we figured on. He took the bags from her and never waited for me at all.

"The nine forty-five for San Francisco, Section 8, Car C."

"Eight in Car C, yas'm. I'll meet you on the train."

We went in the station. I made her drop back with me, so if anything came up I could mumble to her. I had the glasses on, and my hat pulled down, but not too much. I kept my eyes down, like I was watching where I put the crutches. I kept the cigar in my mouth, partly so it covered some of my face, partly so I could screw my face out of shape a little, like I was trying to keep the smoke out of my eyes. There wasn't any smoke, but nobody would know that.

The train was on a siding, out back of the station. I made a quick count of the cars. "Holy smoke, it's the third one!" It was the one that both conductors were standing in front of, and not only them, but the porter, and the redcap, waiting for his tip. Unless we did something quick, it would be four people that had a good look at me before I went in the car, and it might hang us.

She ran on ahead, quick. I saw her tip the redcap, and he went off, all bows. He didn't pass near me. He headed for the far end of the station, where the parking lot was. Then the porter saw me, and started for me. She took him by the arm.

"He doesn't like to be helped."

The porter didn't get it. The Pullman conductor did.

"Hey!"

The porter stopped. Then he got it. They all turned their backs and started to talk. I stumped up the car steps.

I GOT to the top. That was her cue. She was still down on the ground with the conductors. "Dear."

I stopped and half turned. "Come back to the observation platform. I'll say good-by to you there, and then I won't have to worry about getting off the train. You still have a few minutes. Maybe we can talk."

"Fine."

I started back through the car. She started back on the ground outside.

All three cars were full of people getting ready to go to bed, with most of the berths made up and bags all out in the aisle. The porters weren't there. They were at their boxes outside. I kept my eyes down, clinched the cigar in my teeth, and kept my face screwed up. Nobody really saw me, and yet everybody saw me, because the minute they saw those crutches they began snatching bags out of the way and making room. I just nodded and mumbled "Thanks."

When I went through the observation car and saw her face outside, I knew something was wrong. Outside on the observation platform I saw what it was. A man was there, tucked back in a corner in the dark, having a smoke. I sat down on the opposite side. She reached her hand over. I took it. She kept looking at me for a cue. I kept making my lips say, "Parking . . . parking . . . parking." After a second or two she got it.

"Dear."

"Yes?"

"You're not mad at me any more? For where I parked?"

"Forget it."

"I thought I was headed for the station parking lot, honestly. But I get all mixed up in this part of town. I hadn't any idea I was going to make you walk so far."

"I told you, forget it."

"I'm terribly sorry."

"Kiss me."

I looked at my watch, held it up to her. It was still seven minutes before the train would leave. She needed a six-minute start for what she had to do. "Listen, Phyllis. There's no use of you waiting around here. Why don't you blow?"

"Well—you don't mind?"

"Not a bit. No sense dragging it out."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by."

"Have a good time. Three cheers for Leland Stanford."

"I'll do my best."

"Kiss me again."

"Good-by."

For what I had to do, I had to get rid of this guy and get rid of him quick. I hadn't expected anybody out there. There seldom is when a train pulls out. I sat there, trying to think of something. I thought he might leave when he finished his cigarette, but he didn't. He threw it over the side and began to talk.

"Women are funny."

"Yeah, women are funny all right."

The train began to roll. It crawled through the outskirts of Los Angeles, and he kept on talking. Then an idea came to me. I remembered I was supposed to be a cripple, and began feeling through my pockets.

"You lose something?"

"My ticket. I can't find it."

"Say, I wonder if I've got my ticket. Yeah, here it is."

"You know what I bet she did? Put that ticket in my briefcase, right where I told her not to. She was to put it here in the pocket of this suit, and now—"

"Oh, it'll turn up."

"Don't that beat all? Here I've got to go and hobble all through those cars, just because—"

"Don't be silly. Stay where you are."

"No, I couldn't let you—"

"Be a pleasure, old man. Stay right where you are and I'll get it for you. What's your space?"

"Would you? Section Eight, Car C."

"I'll be right back with it."

WE were picking up speed a little now. My mark was a dairy sign, about a quarter of a mile from the track. We came in sight of it and I lit the cigar. I put the crutches under one arm, threw my leg over the rail, and let myself down. One of the crutches hit the ties and spun me so I almost fell. I hung on. When we came square abreast of the sign I dropped off.

There's nothing so dark as a railroad track in the middle of the night. The train shot ahead, and I crouched there, waiting for the tingle to leave my feet. I had dropped off the left side of the train, into the footpath between the tracks, so there wouldn't be any chance I could be seen from the highway. It was about two hundred feet away. I stayed there, on my hands and knees, straining to see something on the other side of the tracks. There was a dirt road there that gave entry to a couple of small factories farther on back. All around it were vacant lots, and it wasn't lit. She ought to be there by now. She had a seven-minute start, the train took six minutes to that point, and it was an eleven-minute drive from the station to this dirt road. I had checked it twenty times. I held still and stared, trying to spot the car. I couldn't see it.

I don't know how long I crouched there. It came to me that maybe she had bumped somebody's fender, or been stopped by a cop, or something. I seemed to turn to water. Then I heard something. I heard a panting. Then with it I heard footsteps. They would go fast for a second or two, and then stop. It was horrible. Then I saw it.

What is so horrible about those footsteps on the railroad tracks? The next issue of Liberty will answer the riddle—and more. Be sure to read it.

To spank
or not to spank?

Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD A CHILD be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working *with* the child—not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—*Fletcher's Castoria!*

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.

But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is . . . Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will *never* cause griping pains.

Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

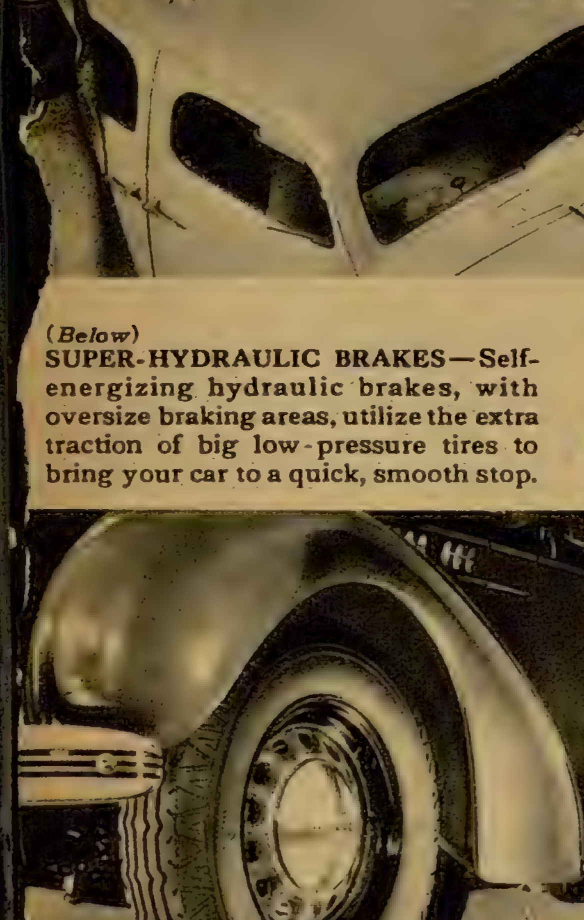
Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

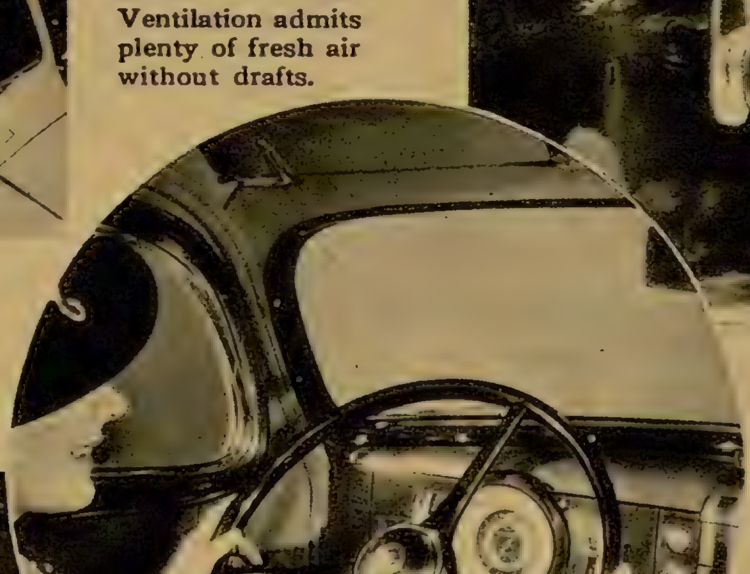
“I'm glad I bou

(Right)
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS—Front wheels operate independently of each other . . . "step over" bumps and holes in the road... combine with the Ride Stabilizer to give you a restful, gliding ride.

(Left)
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES—In Oldsmobile's Bodies by Fisher, you ride protected by steel above and steel all around. No Draft Ventilation admits plenty of fresh air without drafts.

(Below)
SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Self-energizing hydraulic brakes, with oversize braking areas, utilize the extra traction of big low-pressure tires to bring your car to a quick, smooth stop.





(Above)
CENTER-CONTROL STEERING—On straightaway or curve you hold a true course with the lightest guiding touch.

NEW LOW PRICES

$665

Sixes $665 and up . . . Eights $810 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Safety Glass standard equipment all around. Special accessory groups extra. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list.

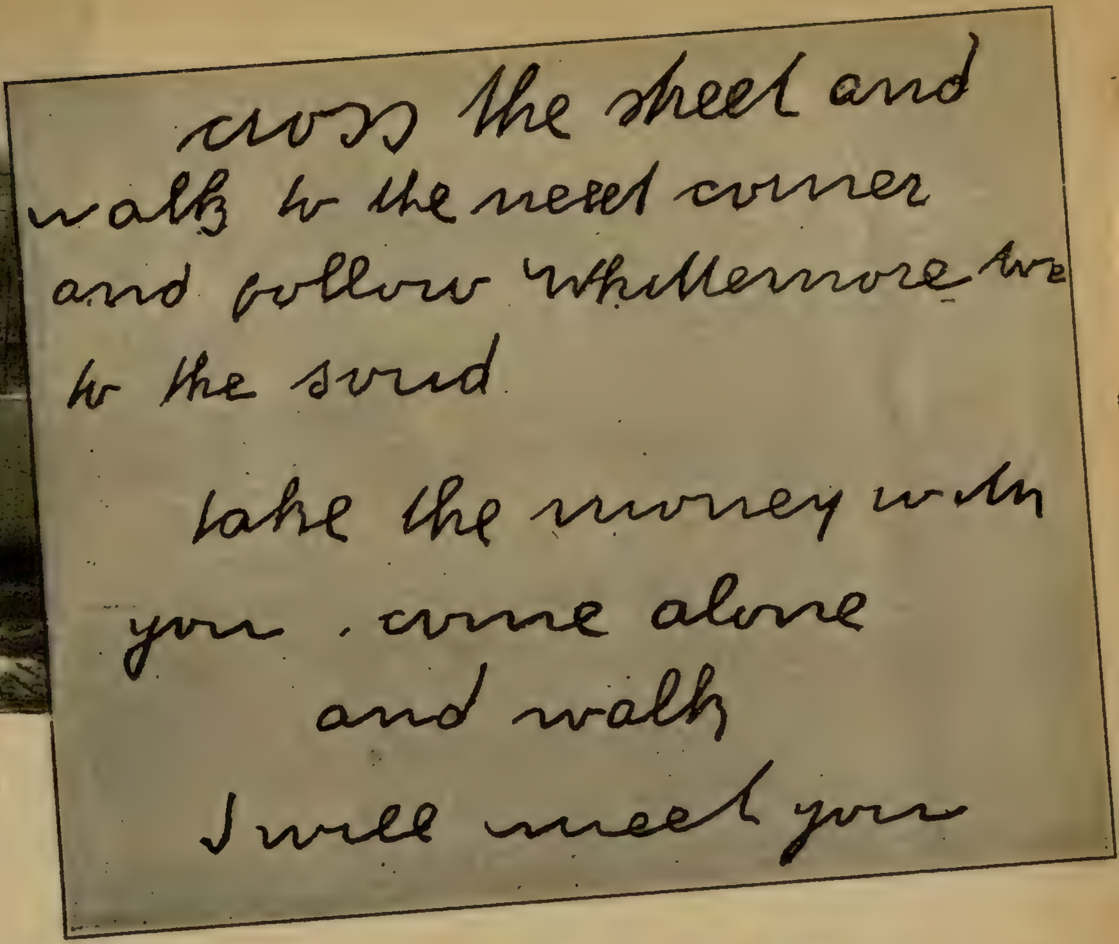
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

6% G. M. A. C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN

ght an Oldsmobile!

OWNERS of new 1936 Oldsmobiles are tremendously enthusiastic over their cars . . . and they have the best of reasons to be . . . For this Oldsmobile sums up all that is modern in fine-car features . . . Its freshly streamlined beauty brings a newer and finer distinction to the styling originated by Oldsmobile . . . Its smoother, livelier power is even more economical . . . You have *room* in it—plenty of leg room, shoulder room, head room. You have *security* in it—the safety and comfort of Knee-Action Wheels, Super-Hydraulic Brakes, Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies, with Safety Glass all around . . . Yours, too, is the enduring value of Oldsmobile's engineering and structural *quality* . . . *All* these advantages are yours in "The Car That Has Everything"—all at a new low price.

"The Car that has Everything"



cross the street and
walk to the next corner
and follow Whittemore Ave
to the soud

take the money with
you . come alone
and walk
I will meet you

Hauptmann hid behind the monument with a cross shown in this glimpse of St. Raymond's. Right: The note Jafsie found under the florist's table.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

JAFSIE PAYS

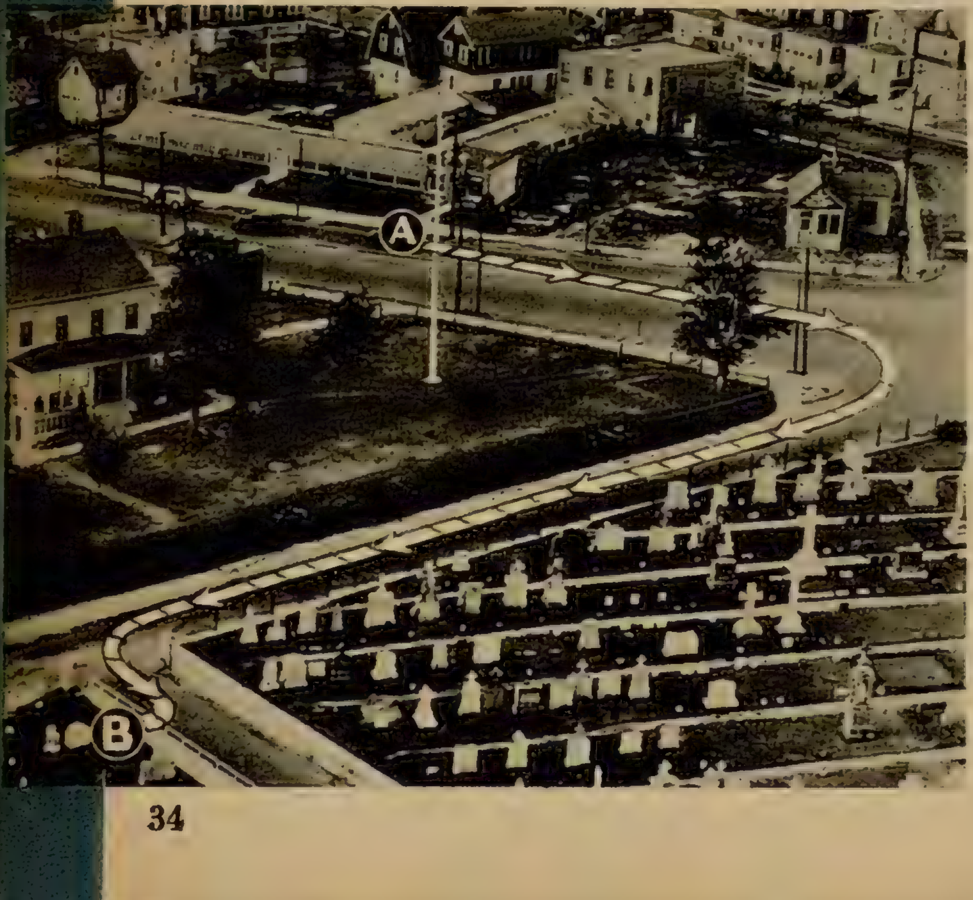
The Voice from the Gravestones . . . How the There a "Man with a Handkerchief"? . . . More

by Dr. JOHN F.

IT is true that Jafsie kept the appointment at Tuckahoe made by that still mysterious Italian-looking woman who whispered to him at a charity bazaar. But it is not true, he said last week, that the woman kept it; she didn't show up. The woman there with him was his daughter-in-law, who knew nothing of the nature of his errand.

Meanwhile the kidnaper's letters were growing impatient. He threatened to raise his demand to $100,000. Jafsie continued to urge insistence upon seeing the baby before handing over any money. Colonel Breckinridge agreed with him, but the anxious Colonel Lindbergh overruled them. The kidnaper wrote: "Have the money ready Saturday evening . . . will inform you how and when to deliver it." The special wooden box would hold only $50,000, so the additional $20,000 was wrapped separately. That evening a taxi driver (still unidentified) left a note telling Jafsie to look for further directions under a table at a flower shop on Tremont Avenue. As Colonel Lindbergh was driving him there in Al Reich's car, Jafsie noticed with concern that the Colonel had a revolver in a shoulder holster.

Acme photo



Where the ransom was paid. Colonel Lindbergh had parked at A, on Tremont Avenue. Thence Jafsie took the money to B, where Hauptmann brought him a note.

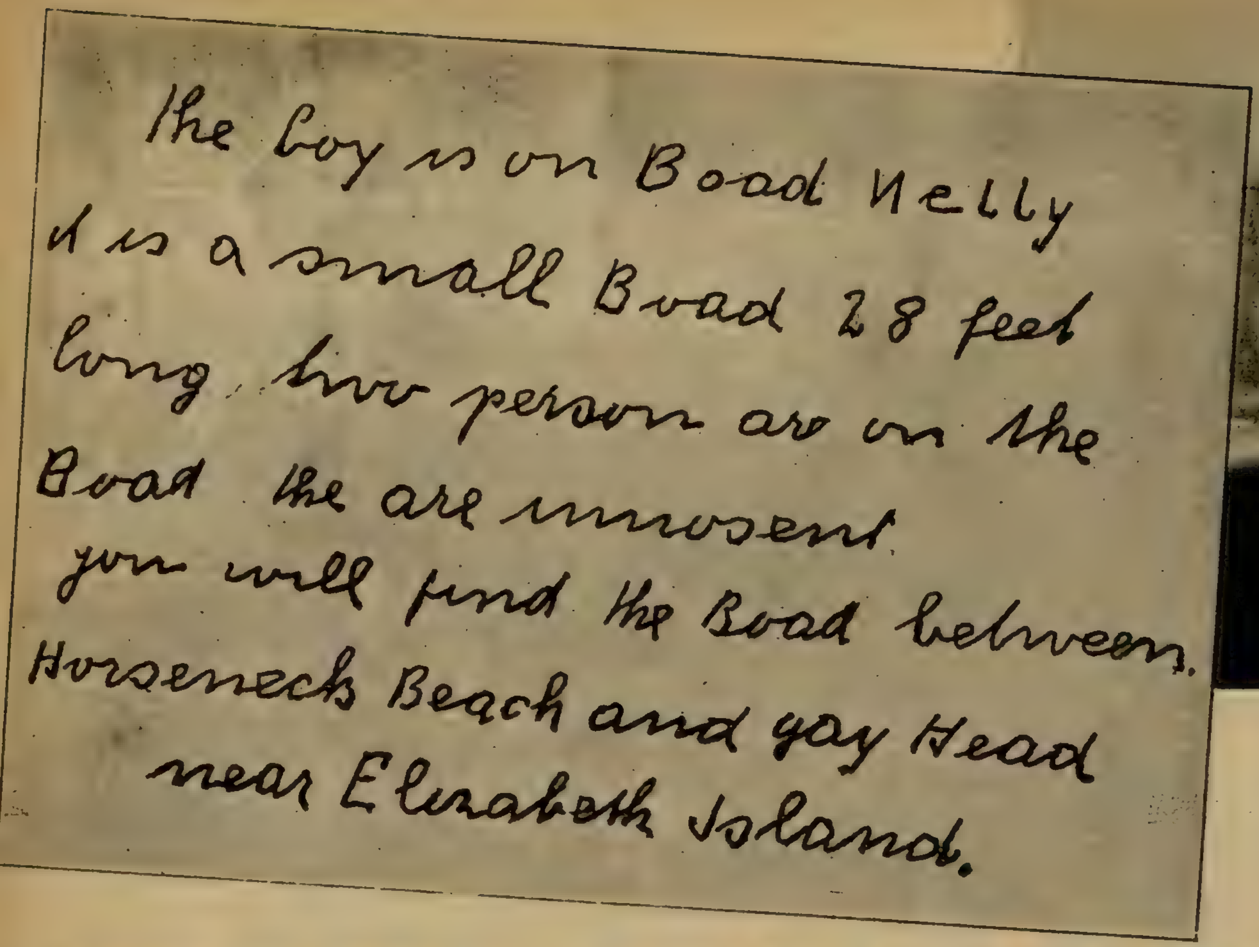
PART SEVEN—"'JOHN' WAS THE LEADER!"

THE whole world knows today that Colonel Lindbergh did not use that gun. But I didn't know why he had it, what he intended to do with it. The meeting with the kidnaper still lay ahead of us. I was happy—and proud—to be riding in the car beside him, to realize that his interest in my welfare made him feel it his duty to accompany me on this dangerous mission. If that was the explanation for the gun, well and good. But was it?

I tried to put myself in Colonel Lindbergh's place. I knew that I would find it hard to sit quietly by while another man went to the kidnaper of *my* child for the purpose of turning over to that kidnaper thousands of dollars of *my* money. Any father not possessed of more than average self-control would instinctively want to inflict bodily violence—even death—upon a man who had so grievously injured him and his.

I was in a peculiar position. I felt that I should give no sign of having noticed the gun. Yet, somehow, I would have to dissuade him from accompanying me to the actual meeting. If he came face to face with the kidnaper, the overwhelming emotions that would surge within him might precipitate some act that would forever prevent him from regaining his son.

I was determined—I didn't know just how I might accomplish it—to make him remain seated in the car.



the boy is on Boad Nelly
it is a small Boad 28 feet
long. two person are on the
Boad. the are innosent.
you will find the Boad between
Horseneck Beach and gay Head
near Elizabeth Island.

Jafsie showing how he paid the ransom. The wire fence wasn't there then. At left: The note Hauptmann handed him.

THE RANSOM

Money Box Really Changed Hands . . . Was New Light on the Facts in the Lindbergh Case

CONDON

We crossed Pelham Parkway, reached Westchester Square, and proceeded south for a short way before turning east into Tremont Avenue. Colonel Lindbergh was an excellent driver. As we approached Whittemore Avenue I realized that the wily kidnaper was duplicating his precautions of the previous meeting. For Whittemore Avenue is a dirt road running parallel to the northwest side of St. Raymond's—a cemetery.

Just ahead of us lay the greenhouses of J. A. Bergen. Outside the office or flower shop was a table.

"There it is," I told Colonel Lindbergh.

He nodded, drove past, made a U turn, and pulled up before the shop.

"I'll get out and get the note," I volunteered.

I walked over and found a stone beneath the table—and a note under the stone. I brought the note back to the car. Colonel Lindbergh opened it. We read:

> cross the street and walk to the next corner and follow Whittemore Ave to the soud [south]
> take the money with you come alone and walk.
> I will meet you.

COLONEL LINDBERGH switched off the car's engine.

"I'll go with you," he volunteered.

I shook my head.

"The note directs me to come alone," I reminded him.

He hesitated. "I'd prefer to go with you."

"It isn't necessary. I'll be perfectly all right."

"You're quite sure?" he said. "You may need me."

"I'm not afraid," I said, smiling, "if that's what you mean. I'll go alone."

A tremendous worry was lifted from my mind when he took the box from the seat beside him and held it out to me.

"All right," he agreed.

Again I shook my head. "I'll not need the box just yet," I assured him. "I'll come back for it."

I crossed the street and walked east to the point where Whittemore Avenue cuts into Tremont. A man and a little girl of about twelve were standing there.

"Is this Whittemore Avenue?" I asked.

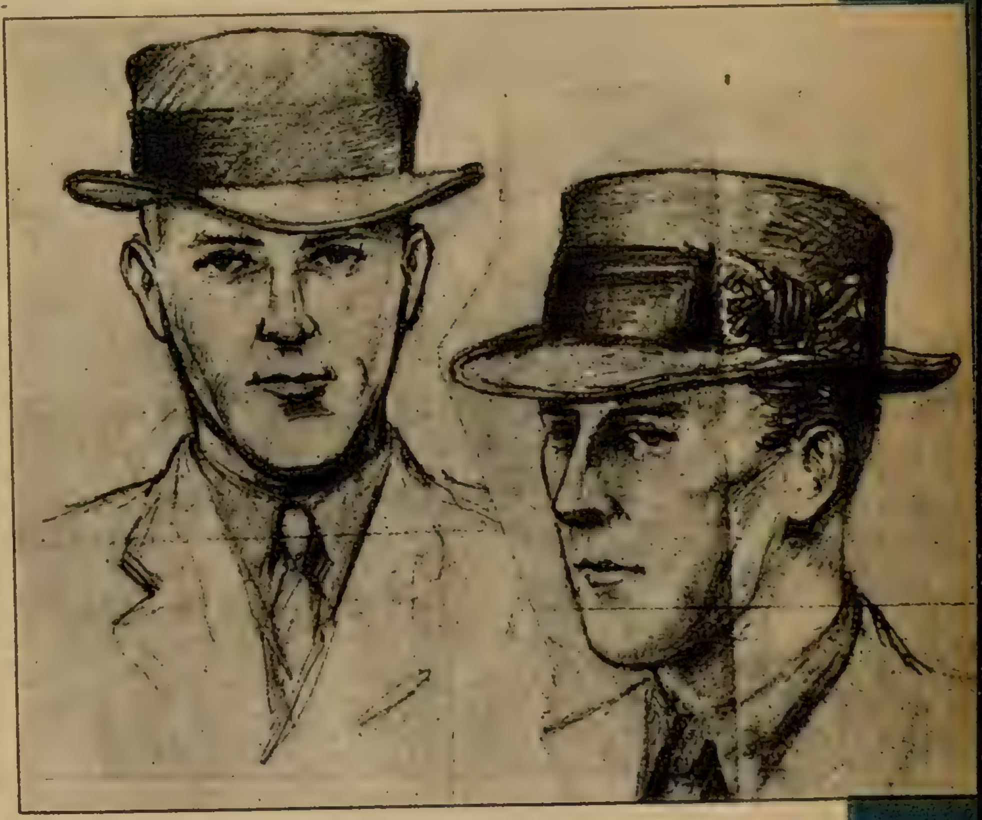
"I don't know," the man said. "We're strangers here."

They moved on. A corner lamp showed a street sign. It read: "Whittemore Ave."

I looked to my right. Stretching to the south lay the bleak, deserted dirt-surfaced road that was Whittemore Avenue. On its eastern side was St. Raymond's Cemetery. There is a stone or concrete

The G-men's artist drew these pictures of "John" after listening to Jafsie's description of him.

Acme photo



wall along that edge of the cemetery today. It was not there that night. Only bushes, interspersed with huge marble tombstones, monuments, and crosses, behind which a dozen men could easily hide—a perfect ambush.

I decided, for the moment, that caution was the better part of valor. I deliberately followed Tremont Avenue east. This enabled me to look behind most of the tombstones and bushes that fronted Whittemore Avenue, the path I had been directed to take. I walked perhaps a hundred yards east of Whittemore Avenue, peering intently into the eerie semidarkness of the cemetery. I saw no one.

I returned to Whittemore Avenue, said in a loud voice, "There does not seem to be anybody here, Colonel."

Instantly, from behind one of the monuments fronting Whittemore Avenue, the guttural voice of the kidnaper called, "Hey, Doktor!"

"All right," I replied.

"Over here!" directed the voice. "Over here!"

That corner is elevated ground. I looked into the cemetery, saw the kidnaper moving between the tombstones, coming ever nearer to Whittemore Avenue and at the same time moving south. As I started down Whittemore Avenue there were times when I saw nothing of him, followed his direction only by the sound of his movements.

My own path took me south on Whittemore along a downgrade, away from the friendly stores and residences that line Tremont Avenue. It was a singularly desolate rendezvous, and each step plunged me deeper in darkness.

I am not ashamed to admit that I felt uneasy as I trod that dirt road away from the yellow glow of the street lamp. The only building near by was a three-story frame structure to my right. It seemed deserted, and the kidnaper was leading me away from it to a spot where we would have with us only the dead.

Cautiously, still wary of an ambush, I plodded along in the very middle of the dirt road, where no throttling hand, stretched out, could reach my throat.

I had gone perhaps a hundred feet south when I noticed, to my left, a connecting road that entered the cemetery. A wall formed its northern boundary. My eyes were accustomed to the gloom by this time, and I saw the man I was following climb the five-foot wall. He stood there for a moment facing me, then jumped down. He crossed the road, mounted a low fence, and came to a stop, stooping low behind a hedge, directly opposite where I stood waiting in the middle of Whittemore Avenue.

"Hello," he greeted me.

I walked over to the hedge.

"How are you?" I asked. "What are you doing crouched down there? Stand up if you want to talk to me."

HE stood up. He wore no disguise, nothing over his face. He wore a fedora hat, its brim snapped down in front. His suit seemed to be of dark material. He did not hide his face between the lapels of his coat.

Perhaps this time he relied on the gloom. No light of any sort was near by. Yet we stood face to face, not an inch more than three feet apart, and the night itself furnished sufficient light to show me, beyond mistake, that he was the same "John" I had contacted twenty-one days before.

I could not distinguish, this night, the *color* of, say, his eyes or his hair. But I could see and recognize his *features*, and note that his clothing was dark, or medium dark.

"Did you ever see me before?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Don't you remember? Saturday night in the cemetery at Woodlawn vere we talked?" He paused, then asked eagerly, "Have you gottit the money?"

"No, I didn't bring any money. It is up in the car."

"Who is up there?"

"Colonel Lindbergh."

"Is he armed?"

I lied promptly. "No, he is not. Where's the baby?"

"You could not get the baby for about six, eight hours."

Still determined to exert every effort to see the baby before turning over a cent of ransom, I pleaded with him. "You must take me to the baby," I concluded.

Irritability, sullenness, anger were in his voice when he answered: "I haf told you before it is imbossible. It cannot be done." He added a sentence: "My father wouldn't let me."

That was news to me—fantastic news.

"Is your father in it too?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes. Give me the money."

I shook my head. "Not until you give me a receipt—a note showing where the baby is."

"I haven't got it with me," he replied.

"Then get it," I said.

"All right," he agreed. "You will wait?"

"Listen," I said. "These are times of depression. You know that. It is difficult today for any man to raise seventy thousand dollars. Colonel Lindbergh is not so rich. He has had a hard time raising the fifty thousand, and that is what you bargained with him for. Why don't you be decent to him? He can't raise the extra money, but I can go up to the auto right now and get the fifty thousand."

THERE was a pause. I saw John shrug his shoulders. "Since it is so hard, it will be all right, I guess. I suppose if we can't get seventy we take fifty."

"That will be paid," I promised. "But tell me, where is the note?"

"In ten minutes," he said, "I come back again with the note and give you the note."

He vanished amid the tombstones, and I turned back toward Tremont Avenue, my hand delving in my pocket for a watch I had brought with me. It was not an ordinary watch but a repeater, originally made for one of the royal heads of China. It stood me in good stead that night. Had I struck a match to consult it, that action might have aroused the suspicions of John.

I could not know where he was going to obtain—or write—his note, but I could at least determine how long it would take him to go there and return.

I pushed the lever on the side of the watch, listened as I walked. It chimed nine times for the hour. There was a pause. A second chime struck three times, to indicate the first quarter hour past nine. Another pause. It chimed once: 9.16 o'clock.

Another thing was in my mind. This man had represented himself to be go-between for the Lindbergh kidnap gang. I knew now that he had lied. Perhaps he had accomplices, perhaps there was a gang. But he was no subservient go-between.

He was the leader.

For, without hesitation, he had agreed to a reduction of twenty thousand dollars in the amount of ransom demanded.

Colonel Lindbergh looked up at me eagerly as I put a foot on the running board of the auto.

"Well?" he asked.

"I've met him," I said. "He wants the money. Just the fifty thousand."

I told him of my plea and the kidnaper's agreement to accept the smaller amount. He handed the box to me through the car window, keeping one package on the seat beside him.

"Thanks, Dr. Condon. Saving me that amount helps a lot. Sure you'll be all right going back alone?"

"Quite sure," I answered. "The kidnaper's alone. I could handle two like him."

I retraced my steps slowly down dark Whittemore Avenue, passed the roadway where John had jumped from the stone wall, and stood waiting at the hedge where we had been talking. I waited for several minutes. Then, deep in the cemetery, I heard and saw him coming toward me.

Again my fingers found the lever of the watch, pushed it. It chimed the nine strokes of the hour, a series of three for the first quarter, and a final series of fourteen for the minutes: 9.29 o'clock.

The kidnaper had been gone thirteen minutes.

"Have you got it?" he asked as he reached the hedge.

"Yes. Have you got the note?"

He had approached with his hands buried in the side pockets of his coat, which, unbuttoned, swung loosely at his sides. Ever wary, he was poised for instant flight.

I should like, at this time, to give an exact and minute description of how the money transfer actually was made. It has never been published before. Invariably writers have said I "tossed the money over the wall." As casually as that! It wasn't a wall, and I didn't toss it over. Here is what really happened:

With the box balanced on my left hand, I reached out with my right hand toward John's left to receive the note. At the exact moment that his right hand reached out for the box, my fingers closed upon the note which he took from his coat pocket. I pocketed the note as he placed the box at his own feet and knelt down to inspect it, saying, "Vait until I see if it is all right."

"It is all right as far as I know," I assured him. "I am only intermediary. There is fifty thousand dollars in fives, tens, and twenties, as you instructed in your note."

I have even been criticized, I wish to add here, for saving Colonel Lindbergh twenty thousand dollars. I quote from an article by Lieutenant James J. Finn of the New York Police Department, which appeared in the October 19, 1935, issue of Liberty: "Cutting from $70,000 to $50,000 was Jafsie's thrifty idea. And from our standpoint, the more ransom money that was in circulation, the better chance we had of landing our man."

I do not wish to cast disparagement on Lieutenant Finn, but I do wish to say that in the same circumstances I would do again exactly what I did that night. I would save Colonel Lindbergh every possible penny.

It has even been published that I told John in the cemetery that I had brought $70,000 with me, and then blithely proceeded to talk him into accepting the reduced amount which he did receive—$50,000.

THE stupidity of such a procedure would be obvious to a schoolboy. I was not guilty of anything so ridiculous. I did not tell John that $70,000 was available. I left him with the impression that $50,000 was all that had been raised, and he showed little hesitation about taking the maximum amount which he believed available and making a quick getaway.

I leaned over the hedge and watched John as he opened the box, pressed his left hand down on one of the bundles of bills and examined it.

"I guess it is all right," he said. He put one bundle of bills in his left-hand coat pocket, rose holding the box. "Don't open that note for six hours."

"I will not open it. You can trust me."

"Thank you, Doktor," he replied. "We drust you. Everybody says your work has been pefect [perfect]."

We shook hands across the hedge, and while I held his hand I renewed my plea to be taken to the place where the baby was. Again I met with refusal.

"If you double-cross me—"

"The baby is all ride," he answered quickly. "You find him on the boad Nelly, like the note says. Good-by, Doktor."

"Good-by."

For the second time he vanished in the cemetery.

I retraced my steps to the car, where I told Colonel Lindbergh what had happened and been said, and turned over to him the note given me by John.

Colonel Lindbergh accepted the plain envelope, tapped it nervously against the palm of his left hand. In his face was written what was in his mind. He wanted, desperately, his child. Without opening that note he could not learn what he felt must be the child's whereabouts.

"You gave him your word," he asked me, "that you would not open this note for six hours?"

"Yes," I admitted. "They want time for a getaway, John told me."

I HAD, in that moment, a still further insight into Colonel Lindbergh's character. He shoved the note into his pocket, got the car under way.

"We'll keep our end of the bargain," he said quietly.

I, too, try to keep my word. But I could not reconcile myself to a delay of six hours at this crucial juncture when recovery of the baby seemed so near.

I should like at this point to clear up one of the so-called "minor mysteries" of the Lindbergh case. This particular one is concerned with a mysterious character known only as "the man with a handkerchief."

The generally accepted story is to the effect that Colonel Lindbergh saw such a man pass the car in which he was sitting. The man is supposed to have dropped a handkerchief with which he had partly concealed his face.

That may have happened. I cannot answer definitely for what Colonel Lindbergh may have seen that night. But I can answer for myself. I saw no "man with a handkerchief" at any time that night, and I can state definitely that if such a man existed, it was not John.

The statement has been made, publicly, that I followed the man. This is in error. I neither saw nor followed any such man and, what is equally important, never at any time or to any person made a statement that I had done so. My memory concerning the incidents of that night will always be quite clear.

We were near Westchester Square when I pointed out to Colonel Lindbergh a little house that I owned there. It was nearly a mile from the cemetery.

"Drive over there and stop," I requested.

He shot me a puzzled glance, obeyed. I got out of the car, motioned to him to follow. We went up the front steps of the house, sat down on the top step.

"This is my place," I explained. "It will be safe, here, to look at that note."

Again he hesitated.

"You made the kidnaper no promise not to open that note," I pointed out. "We should at least satisfy ourselves that the note gives us further instructions for finding the child. Minutes may count, and the welfare of your son means more than anything else now."

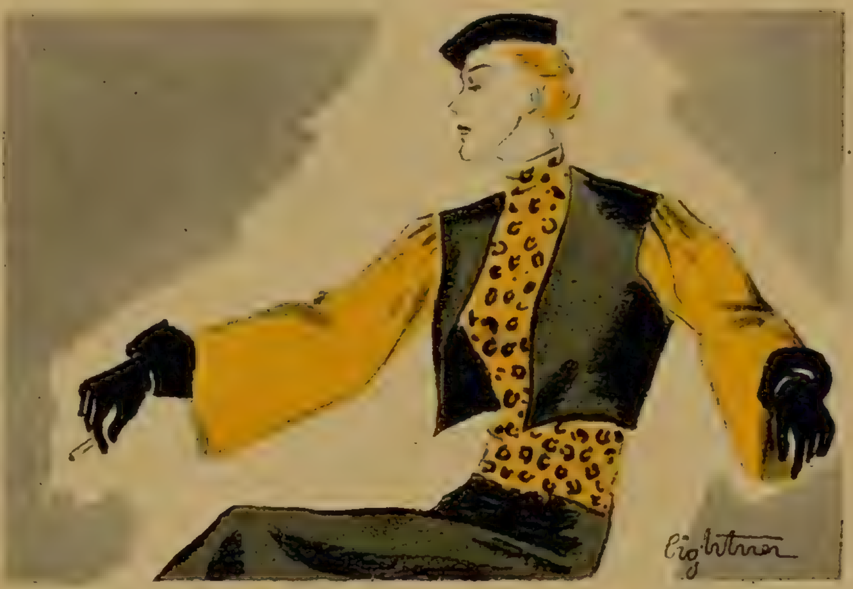
FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Except for the queue of hair, our elegantes might be toreadors, what with the new boleros and the little toques so resembling the intriguingly becoming Don José effects. However, on their way from Spain they have lost their spangles and their embroideries.

Separate from the dress, collarless, with long full contrasting-color sleeves just belt-top long, these boleros are extremely chic.

Seen first at the Riviera last week, February collections threaten to be full of them.

DORAMILLER.



"You're right, Doctor," he agreed. He tore open the envelope. The scrawled note read:

> The boy is on Boad [boat] Nelly it is a small Boad 28 feet long two person are on the Boad the are innosent. you will find the Boad between Horseneck Beach and gay Head near Elisabeth Island.

Two happy men sat on the stoop of a Westchester house that night. The kidnaper had kept his word to the letter. He had furnished a specific description of the boat and the exact location of it.

Colonel Lindbergh is not a demonstrative young man. Yet, in the sheer excitement of happiness, the note trembled in his fingers and overpowering emotion shook his voice as one hand gripped my arm.

"Shall we get back to your home now, Doctor?"

"Yes." My own voice shook.

For one short moment more we sat there, silent, drinking deeply of happiness.

Four miles from Hopewell, in the cathedral hush of a deep woods, nocturnal creatures paused in their casual travels, that moment, to stare with tiny curious eyes at all that remained of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

Those at my home shared our enthusiasm. Even the pessimistic Al Reich looked hopeful. Mrs. Condon and Myra found added cause for rejoicing: I had come home safely. Colonel Breckinridge patted me on the back.

"I knew you'd do it, Doctor! I hope you won't mind if I have a word in private with Colonel Lindbergh. And we'll want to use your telephone."

"Of course," I said.

Ten minutes later they came into the living room.

"We're leaving now, Doctor," Colonel Lindbergh told me. "We'd like to have you and Al come with us."

"I'd not like to be left behind at this point," I assured him.

His answering smile was spontaneous, warm—the smile of a supremely happy young man. Exaltation arose within me when I considered that even greater happiness lay just ahead—the moment when he would have his son back safely in his arms once more.

We rode in his car with himself at the wheel. Our course took us toward mid-Manhattan and I wondered where we were going. It was nearly midnight when we pulled up before a stately house in the Seventies near Central Park. Puzzled, I whispered to Colonel Breckinridge.

"It's the New York residence of the late Senator Morrow," he replied. "We're to have a conference here with the government men."

I shall never forget that midnight conference.

WE were ushered into a library. A group of alert intelligent men rose as we entered. Two of them I was introduced to immediately—Special Agent Frank J. Wilson, in charge of the Intelligence Unit, Internal Revenue Service, and his chief, Agent Elmer L. Irey, who told Colonel Lindbergh:

"We've called Washington. They'll let us know the moment that they are ready."

I turned to Colonel Lindbergh and the perplexity in my face drew smiles from both himself and Mr. Irey.

"But aren't we going to get your son now?" I asked.

"There's a conference we must have first," he explained. "There are a few things to be attended to first."

I considered it, under the circumstances, no explanation at all. "But the baby—" I began.

Some one—Agent Frank Wilson, I believe—motioned to Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge. Colonel Lindbergh spoke to me almost diffidently:

"You'll pardon Colonel Breckinridge and myself, won't you, please, Doctor? There are a few matters which we must discuss. Of a private nature."

"Certainly," I answered.

"Meanwhile," he said, "perhaps you'd be good enough to assist Chief Irey, here, with some information. He'd like to ask you some questions, if he may."

"Of course."

Chief Irey found chairs for Al and me at the table. Several of the other government men drew up chairs. Genially, politely, he began to ply me with questions concerning the kidnaper. What did he look like? How did he dress? What were some of his spoken phrases? What was his accent like? How tall was he?

Word for word, I related and re-enacted my two meetings with the kidnaper. One agent, pencil poised, looked at Chief Irey. Mr. Irey turned to me.

"We want to draw a picture of this man, making it as close a resemblance to his actual appearance as possible. Can you help us there, Doctor?"

"I think so," I replied. "May I have a pencil and paper?"

"Certainly."

I began to draw. "Taking an inverted isosceles triangle like this," I explained, "the base of the triangle becomes a horizontal line across the eye lines of the kidnaper. Rubbing out its base, after marking the eyes on a horizontal axis, we substitute a half-circle for the head and forehead. Erase the point or angle formed by the triangle's sides, and substitute another, smaller half-circle for the chin. The sides then, with slight deviations, become the cheeks of the kidnaper."

"Rather a hatchet-faced individual," Irey commented.

"Exactly," I replied.

"How about the cheekbones?"

"They were high."

"The eyes?"

"Almost almond-shaped."

I HAVE been taken to task by various thoughtless writers for calling "John's" eyes "almond-shaped." That is the description I gave of his eyes. It is the description I give to this day. I am satisfied to let the reader study any photograph which shows a close-up of the kidnaper's eyes and determine for himself whether they do not resemble perfectly in their shape an almond, the tapered ends being formed by the outer junctions of his eyelids.

Chief Irey's next question was:

"Nose and ears?"

"Straight nose and large ears."

"The eyebrows?"

"Heavy and on a straight line."

"Neck and shoulders?"

"A thin neck. The shoulders stooped a little, although the man's bearing was almost military when he stood erect."

"Clean-shaven, of course. And he wore his hat with the brim turned down in front. That right, Doctor?"

"That is right."

Chief Irey turned to the man who had taken up pencil and paper when the conversation had begun. The man nodded, handed him the paper that a few moments before had been blank. He looked at it, handed it to me.

"This look anything like the kidnaper?" he inquired.

The drawing on that paper was the drawing of a man who bore an amazing resemblance to the "John" of Woodlawn and St. Raymond's cemeteries!

"It looks very much like him," I replied.

Chief Irey was particularly interested to learn that the kidnaper had jumped from a wall. He pressed me for more details concerning that.

"Here," I offered. "I'll re-enact it for you." I pulled a chair up, stood on it. "Suppose I am John. I am standing on the wall, facing south. I jump down here—"

"Landing where?" asked Irey.

"On a road that leads from Whittemore Avenue into the cemetery."

"A roadbed would be hard-packed. That won't help us much."

I began to see what he had in mind. Footprints!

"But he crossed the road, remember. There was a low rail there which he had to mount to get into the cemetery proper again and behind the hedge."

"Did he jump from it?" Irey asked quickly.

"He did. He jumped with his left foot foremost, landing on a freshly covered grave."

"Perfect! Could you show us the exact spot?"

"Any time," I assured him.

This conversation occurred in the wee hours of Sunday morning, April 3. It was not until Monday, the 4th, that I returned to St. Raymond's Cemetery. On the grave were the footprints I had promised would be there, the left-foot imprint forward.

There was much discussion at the trial of the fact that I waited until Monday to go there, and that when I did, it was Ralph Hacker, my own son-in-law, who made the plaster cast of that footprint.

I ask the readers of Liberty, now, to remember that all day Sunday we were busy searching for Colonel Lindbergh's baby and could not go to St. Raymond's then.

And while it is true that my own son-in-law made the plaster-cast impression, it was made directly under the official supervision of Special Agent Thomas H. Sisk, Division of Investigation, United States Department of Justice.

Why was the footprint of " John " not shown to the jury?

It is not in my province to give what may be taken as a conclusive answer. After all, I was not the person in charge of presenting evidence to the jury at Flemington. But I think the answer is quite obvious. There was such an overwhelming mass of evidence against the man who was tried for the crime that, undoubtedly, authorities felt it quite unnecessary to place before the jury this additional bit of evidence.

That is the answer which occurs to me and I think it is best borne out by the verdict reached by the jury.

Meanwhile our talk in the library continued. On a map of the Bronx I indicated the two cemeteries.

" The kidnaper had an intimate knowledge of the Bronx—so intimate," I said, " that I feel he could only obtain it by living there."

" We are in agreement on that, Doctor," Chief Irey said. " In fact, when we find our man, we expect to find a German carpenter who lives in the Bronx."

His prediction, uttered with such quiet assurance, impressed me tremendously even then, months before it was confirmed in every detail.

Colonel Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge, and others joined us. The conversation then turned to more or less general topics that had little to do with the case. I couldn't understand why we sat delaying. Colonel Lindbergh smiled as he saw me lean toward him. " We'll be going for my son soon now, I think," he said.

Chief Irey asked me a question: " Have you any idea, Doctor, where the kidnaper could have gone tonight to write or obtain the note? "

My reply was never uttered. A telephone rang. Conversation stopped short. Chief Irey took up the phone.

" Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Right! "

He nodded to Colonel Lindbergh. The room was suddenly in an uproar. Some one brought Chief Irey's hat and coat. Some one else brought mine.

" Washington's said ' Move! ' " Chief Irey told me, grinning. " And we're going to move."

I was thrilled to my very depths. I felt humble, too. Watching the great governmental power at work, I felt that I had done little indeed.

We left the Morrow home, again entered Colonel Lindbergh's car. Chief Irey was to accompany us.

" Sit here, Doctor," Colonel Lindbergh invited, and I got proudly into the front seat beside him.

Today that unanswered question of Chief Irey's remains another unexplained mystery of the case. But today I have an idea concerning it.

The kidnaper was gone thirteen minutes. To write his note, he needed pen, ink, paper, light. I do not know where he went. But I do know this:

Near St. Raymond's Cemetery is a certain house. Starting from the place where the kidnaper stood, an active man could travel on foot to that house, write the note, and return with it on foot, all within thirteen minutes.

Who lives in that house near St. Raymond's Cemetery? The answer, for what it may be worth, is:

A close relative of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

" In that empty crib," Jafsie said in the first installment of his own story, " was mute evidence that the baby had been murdered." Next week he will explain what he meant. He will also tell how he flew with Colonel Lindbergh in vain search for a " boad Nelly "; how the newspapers learned who " Jafsie " was; how he came to be grilled as a suspect. A momentous installment! And NEW EVIDENCE is coming in a later one!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Lionel Barrymore.

2—Isinglass.

3—The Statue of Liberty. In 1935 a small theater was installed, wherein illustrated lectures are given.

4—John Masefield.

5—Eighteen years of age.

6—The Perfect Song.

7—The Crane Tower (880 feet). The Woolworth Building is 792 feet high.

8—By rubbing the inside of the panes with a clear solution of glycerin (one ounce) and alcohol (one pint).

9—Thirty-four and a half years.

10—" Richard Roe."

11—The mouse electrocutor. The victim enters a wire cage, nibbles at the bait, and is shocked to death.

12—Among the many explanations: insufficient rainfall, grazing of herds of animals, destructive fires.

13—Yes. The cost is five dollars.

14—After the British burned the President's residence in 1814, it was rebuilt and its original sandstone painted white to obliterate traces of the flames.

15—No; a stockholder has no right to dividends until declared.

16—No; it is castor oil treated with sulphuric acid and ammonia.

17—Married women were forbidden as participants by tradition.

18—No; corn.

19—Howard Pyle (1853-1911).

20—John Hancock

If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and rundown . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

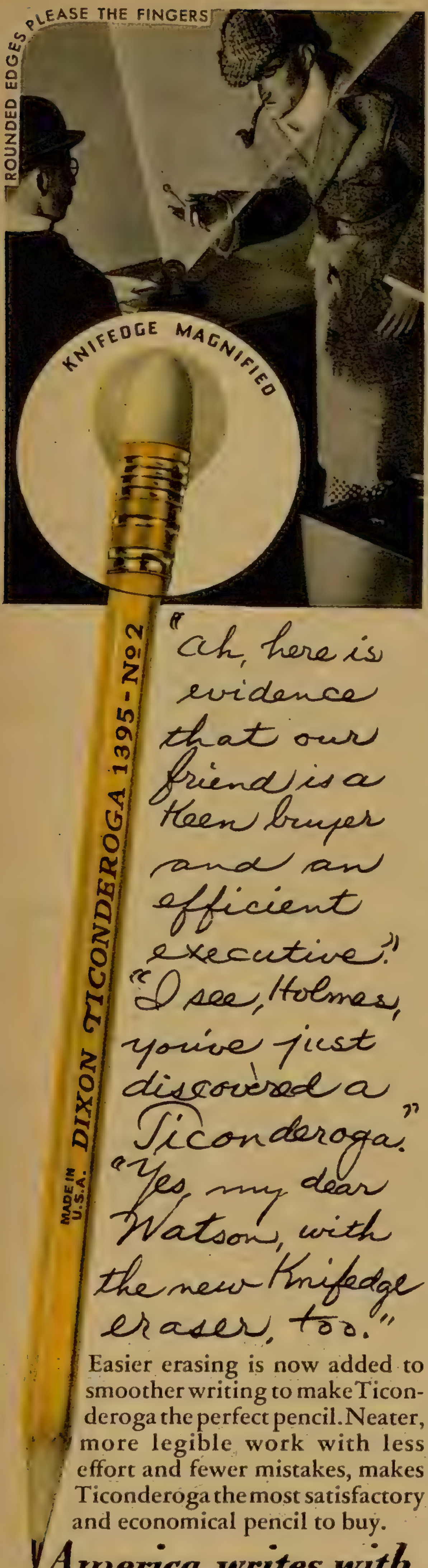
S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

© S.S.S. Co.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again


ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS
KNIFEDGE MAGNIFIED
MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1395-No2

"Ah, here is evidence that our friend is a keen buyer and an efficient executive!"
"I see, Holmes, you've just discovered a Ticonderoga."
"Yes, my dear Watson, with the new Knifedge eraser, too."

Easier erasing is now added to smoother writing to make Ticonderoga the perfect pencil. Neater, more legible work with less effort and fewer mistakes, makes Ticonderoga the most satisfactory and economical pencil to buy.

America writes with
TICONDEROGA

2 5/10 is the in-between degree of lead that many hands prefer. A long-wearing lead, it is soft enough for speed and smoothness. Also No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 3, firm; and No. 4, hard. Acquaint yourself with the lead that best suits your hand. Get quantity quotations from your dealer. FIVE CENTS EACH. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N.J.

Cockeyed Crosswords

By Ted Shane

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14				▨	15						16			
17				18	▨	19				20	▨	21		
22		▨	23		24			▨	25		26			
		27					▨	28					▨	
29	30					▨	31					▨	32	
33			▨	34		35			▨	36		37		
38			39	▨	40				41	▨	42			
43				44	▨	45				46	▨	47		
48		▨	49		50			▨	51		52			
	▨	53					▨	54						
55	56					▨	57					▨	58	59
60			▨	61		62			▨	63		64		
65			66		67				68	▨	69			
70					71					72				

HORIZONTAL

1 Europe intends to retain this if she has to fight to do so
10 Hottentot evening gown
14 EEEEEEEEEE
15 Ear lather
16 How could a car progress without one?
17 Jungle dweller
19 What you find in a lot of Xmas socks
21 Dad said it hurt him more than it did Willie
22 Water wagon (abbr.)
23 Medical problems hard to swallow
25 A thing you get out of the country
27 Mae West on Olympus
28 A bad thing stenogs go through
29 Just a lot of sea lines
31 The length a Frenchman will go to in a race problem
32 Kitchen Fatigue (abbr.)
33 Owned by a male
34 Backbreaking weight
36 This adds little light to the subject
38 Kind of head business men hate around
40 Every horse has one of these
42 When you get all of this you've only got half
43 Bow scrape
45 You'll find these between the top and the bottom
47 Indian doghouse
48 Me'n'you
49 The old-time Russian spirit put down by Moscow
51 Nun bonnet
53 Winchell's favorite drop

	P	A	N	T		S	O	L	A	R		G	A	P	E	
R	O	G	E	R		E	R	A	S	E		A	R	E	A	L
A	L	A	T	E		R	A	I	S	E		L	E	A	S	E
M	A	T	▨	E	V	E	▨	R	E	V	E	L	▨	S	E	N
P	R	E	Y	▨	O	N	E	▨	S	E	E	▨	S	E	R	E
			A	L	L	E	G	E	▨	S	L	I	M			
P	O	M	M	E	L	▨	G	A	D	▨	S	T	O	N	E	S
A	V	E	▨	D	E	N	▨	N	I	T	▨	S	T	O	L	E
R	A	T	E	▨	Y	E	S	▨	M	A	R	▨	E	M	I	R
I	T	E	M	S	▨	D	O	N	▨	N	U	N	▨	A	D	E
S	E	R	M	O	N	▨	B	I	B	▨	S	E	E	D	E	D
			E	P	I	C	▨	P	A	S	T	E	S			
P	A	S	T	▨	N	O	B	▨	A	P	E	▨	S	E	C	T
A	R	T	▨	F	E	V	E	R	▨	A	D	O	▨	L	O	W
I	R	A	D	E		E	T	H	E	R		A	L	A	M	O
R	A	V	E	N		R	E	E	L	S		S	A	T	E	S
	S	E	W	S		S	L	A	K	E		T	R	E	T	

Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Make fast, as on a millionaire's yot
55 Things on the house
57 Hayseedy
58 Isn't this a laugh!
60 This is almost ironical
61 If you're too good a one you're liable to have a bad one
63 A pure but simple fellow
65 The day the landlord softens
67 Opposite of toast
69 Busted
70 Produces future feather dusters
71 Shakedown by Mother Nature

VERTICAL

1 Old-fashioned rattraps
2 Word catchers
3 Roosevelt's oyster (abbr.)
4 The shorter this is the better
5 Hegg haccessory
6 You get these after storms
7 The coldest dame in Egypt
8 Sit backward
9 This is called in archaic style
10 This marks the cultural end of many college men
11 Blow the horn for
12 Winged word
13 This is for the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth
18 They fit in the back of the pants and give quite a kick
20 Put out with an effort
24 Colossal yens
26 Suers are full of them
27 Parlor pushovers
28 What he did to the instruments inside the operation
29 Baldhead-row bait (two words)
30 Buzz joints
31 Black dame always taking crooks for rides
32 What every Turk mustapha
35 Things you've got to take to get anywhere
37 Full of wim and wigor
39 The fellow with a duel personality
41 The swillest place in the world
44 A wordy lie about a boy and a girl
46 Marner
50 Yen for Boston
52 Where the stars love to lie and admire the stars
53 Licorice stick
54 Clouds do this
56 Open range
57 Favorite sitting room
58 What careful drivers do before the crash
59 To sweeten up the kitty
62 Very Old Anteaters (abbr.)
64 "My!" says Caesar
66 Cockeyed initials
68 Lithper'th nemethith

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

H. STYLES BRIDGES grew up on a New England farm. Began his career as a country schoolteacher. Had a hard time. He says:

"A dollar looked pretty big to me then. It looks the same size to me now."

There you have the economics of his policy as Governor of New Hampshire. In a recent speech to his state legislature he said:

"Our state should observe the ordinary precautions of the prudent citizen who does not spend more than he can reasonably earn, and who does not borrow more than he may ultimately be able to pay."

H. STYLES BRIDGES

Governor Bridges is thirty-eight and a Republican. He can take a ski jump in his stride, or can tumble heels over head in the snow and come up smiling. Married. Three children. He warns us that great national debt will lower American living standards for our children in years to come. To fight crime, he pardons fewer prisoners than any other governor. He is being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency in the next national election.

Now you may be wondering why I get around so busily, these days, among the Republicans. I'll tell you. It's because they have so many dark horses. Everybody knows all about the Democratic candidates. They're all set. But we women like a dash of mystery with our politics.

● H. G. Wells sends me this one. He asked a little girl if she knew the meaning of R. S. V. P. "Yes, I do," she replied primly. "R. S. V. P. means the Royal Society of Virtuous People." An illustrious club, comments H. G., but extremely dull.

● We ought to perfume our hair. Who says so? M. Robert says so. He is the noted Fifth Avenue beauty specialist. "Always," he complains, "you are too much in a hurry. Lunch here, cocktails there, dinner somewhere else. You have no time. But you must make time. Perfume in a lady's hair is imperative—the essential seduction." He tells us how to do it: Spray hair with light scent. Rub well into scalp. Also keep perfume sachets, the same scent, on your pillow at night.

● Ever since the former Prince of Wales became King Edward VIII, one American husband I know has been having a lot of fun teasing his wife. She's an admirer of the ex-prince. Also she's an incurable clock-turner-aheader. Insists upon keeping the clocks in her house turned twenty minutes fast. No amount of argument on her husband's part can convince her that she doesn't save time by this quaint skulduggery. "If the clock says eight o'clock," she reasons, "and I know it's twenty minutes fast, then *of course* I'm twenty minutes to the good. All day it helps me get my work done nice and early."

Her husband has tried and tried to talk her out of the idea. Imagine his glee when he read in the newspapers that one of the first royal acts performed by her idolized prince, the new English king, was to turn every clock at Sandringham back to the right time. Edward's grandfather, like this American wife, used to keep all the clocks half an hour ahead.

I am told that a good many women are clock-turners-aheaders. And I'm told most men *hate* it.

● A fit of the blues rarely keeps any one down more than twenty-eight days, according to Dr. Donald Laird, Colgate University psychologist. Dr. Laird says we nearly always slide from gloom to joy, or vice versa, within one lunar month. Those of us who sink lowest, he says, usually are the same mercurial dears who climb way up in the clouds on the other swing of our emotional cycle. To find this out Dr. Laird tested more than a thousand women and men from different walks of life. Practically all of them emoted from one extreme to the other in approximately a month's time.

This should be good news if you happen to feel depressed at present. Next month you'll be on top of the world.

● Thank Elizabeth Gregg MacGibbon for writing a much needed little book, Manners in Business (just published by the Macmillan Company). Gives office girls expert advice on how to dress at work, how to behave, how to get along with the boss.

● The little duchy of Luxemburg, adjoining France and Belgium, is noted for its high-quality food and low cost of living. Most of the 300,000 Luxemburgers—total population—are said to be gourmets. I don't know about that, but I've just learned their national recipe for a deliciously piquant veal stew.

Cut 2 pounds shoulder veal into 2-inch cubes, roll in flour, fry lightly in butter. Fry 1 sliced onion, also lightly. Put meat and onion together in stewpan, add 3 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and cut in quarters, 5 cloves, 1 leaf laurel, pepper, salt, paprika, a pinch of thyme and marjoram. Pour in 2½ cups light beer, cover pan tight, cook very slowly for 2 hours. Now moisten 5 ginger snaps with water, crush, and add to veal. Cook slowly for 30 minutes more. Just before serving, add the juice of 1 lemon. Serve riced potatoes with this stew.

STORMY

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FORSAKING his studies at Princeton University, young Jard Shellstrom returns to the family ranch in Oregon, the Halfmoon Cross, determined to learn the truth about his father's mysterious disappearance—a shock that proved fatal to his mother. He finds himself in a maze of mystery, and is warned to leave the country or suffer the consequences. From lovely Mavis Calhoun, daughter of his father's most hated enemy, he learns of a powerful vigilante group which rules the entire countryside. Oliver Calhoun is one of its leaders.

Aided by his lifelong friends, Nort and Phil Graham, and two young hitchhikers, Joe Leigh and his alluring sister Chloe, Jard sets up a powerful defense against the Calhoun forces by importing a small army of unemployed men from near-by Portland. But despite this protection the Calhoun men manage to destroy some of Jard's property in one of their night visits. Then Nort Graham disappears. Chloe, who had seen him talking to Toby Thurm, one of Calhoun's spies, believes him a traitor. And knowing that Mavis is extremely jealous of her attentions toward Jard, Chloe also hints that she might be one of her father's spies. This fear is disspelled, however, when Chloe disappears a few days later and Mavis rushes to Jard with news that her father and his men plan to strike that night.

When Jard ignores her pleas to flee, Mavis (nicknamed Stormy) threatens to have him falsely arrested and jailed. Jard locks her in his father's old study. Stormy tries to batter her way out, and accidentally knocks open a secret wall closet. The skeleton of Halvor Shellstrom falls out.

Meanwhile, Calhoun's apparently successful plan to buy off Jard's men and thereby weaken his defense has struck a snag. Mavis, who has returned to face her father after the ghastly find at Halfmoon Cross, overhears him making plans to join his aide, Robert Van Wyck, and prevent the men from returning to help Jard.

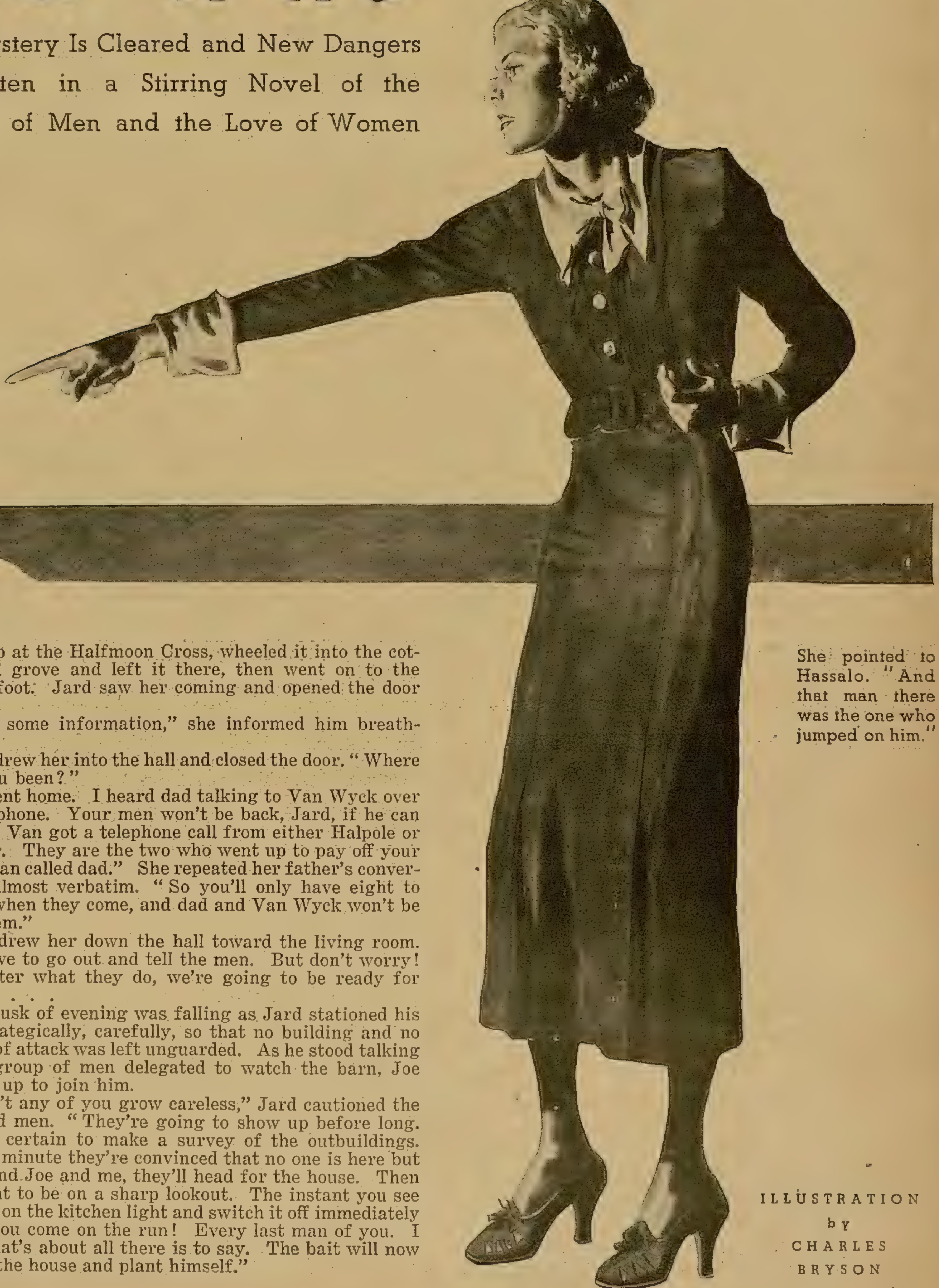
PART SIX—DAMNING EVIDENCE

WITHIN fifteen minutes Mavis's commandeered coupé was shooting up the highway bearing Calhoun and Robert Van Wyck. Mavis was following a bare half-mile behind, but she braked her father's coach

HEARTS

by ELI COLTER

A Mystery Is Cleared and New Dangers Threaten in a Stirring Novel of the Hates of Men and the Love of Women



She pointed to Hassalo. "And that man there was the one who jumped on him."

ILLUSTRATION by CHARLES BRYSON

to a stop at the Halfmoon Cross, wheeled it into the cottonwood grove and left it there, then went on to the house afoot. Jard saw her coming and opened the door to her.

"I've some information," she informed him breathlessly.

Jard drew her into the hall and closed the door. "Where have you been?"

"I went home. I heard dad talking to Van Wyck over the telephone. Your men won't be back, Jard, if he can help it. Van got a telephone call from either Halpole or Brenner. They are the two who went up to pay off your men. Van called dad." She repeated her father's conversation almost verbatim. "So you'll only have eight to corner when they come, and dad and Van Wyck won't be with them."

Jard drew her down the hall toward the living room. "I'll have to go out and tell the men. But don't worry! No matter what they do, we're going to be ready for them!" . . .

The dusk of evening was falling as Jard stationed his men strategically, carefully, so that no building and no avenue of attack was left unguarded. As he stood talking to the group of men delegated to watch the barn, Joe stepped up to join him.

"Don't any of you grow careless," Jard cautioned the gathered men. "They're going to show up before long. They're certain to make a survey of the outbuildings. But the minute they're convinced that no one is here but Terry and Joe and me, they'll head for the house. Then you want to be on a sharp lookout. The instant you see me turn on the kitchen light and switch it off immediately again, you come on the run! Every last man of you. I think that's about all there is to say. The bait will now go into the house and plant himself."

"Just a minute, Jard." Joe deterred him with a gesture. "Red Kastner wants to make an offer."

Jard turned his head. "All right, Red. What's on your mind?"

"Those fellas, they'll be comin' for you, Mr. Shellstrom. You and me are about the same size and complexion in a dim light. I was thinkin' that if you'd let me go into the house with you, Joe and Terry could sort of stick around out here and keep an eye on things. Those fellas will like as not come right up to the house and try to get you to come out. Instead of you goin' out I could go, and of course they'd jump on me. The rest of the boys would be on 'em before they'd have a chance to do much."

"I'll take you up on that, Red," Jard answered, and he and Kastner went into the house and on into the living room. Jard snapped on the lights, pulled down the blinds, and glanced around the room.

"You shouldn't be sitting here without any lights on, Stormy. Where's Toby?"

Mavis roused in her chair. "He went outside a little while ago. He said he had business. I don't know what to make of Toby yet."

"Don't worry. I'm watching Toby!" Jard replied grimly. "And I'll keep right on watching him till the string's played out. I'll admit that I'd like to know where he went and what he's doing right now, though."

Toby was outside in the Lombardy lane, walking along in the dense night shadows of the trees, surveying the big stone dwelling. Nowhere was there any sound, any movement.

But in front of the old deserted house in the draw south of Graham's hayfield, eight men gathered.

"You know what we're to do." It was Wark Hassalo's voice, harsh and driven. "Oliver will be back as quickly as he can. If Shellstrom *is* there unguarded, we must get rid of him without any further delay."

"Toby was positive that his men were all gone. That's what he told Calhoun," said Moe Frazier.

"Well, get going!" snapped Hassalo.

The sound of many footsteps drummed across the old yard. The men proceeded swiftly to their cars and drove away.

A shadow which had huddled at the corner of the house moved toward the road. It approached a clump of dark pines a little way up the draw, and melted into the blackness that surrounded another parked car. But another shadow had detached itself from the house shadow and followed, and a hand reached in to grip the hand that lifted to the steering wheel.

"Hold on a minute! What do you think you're up to?"

A startled silence. Then an incredulous voice came out of the invisible car: "Nort! Is that *you?*"

"Hell! *Chloe!*" Nort Graham thrust his head through the open car window. "What are you doing *here?*"

"I might ask you the same question," Chloe answered curtly. "Jard's been worrying about you ever since you disappeared from the Halfmoon Cross."

"I'VE been back there in that house, keeping an eye on everything—listening in. Toby planted me there."

"Yes?" said Chloe. "I've been in Calhoun's house for several hours. Listening in also. And Toby planted *me there*, too. We'd have been washed up right if it hadn't been for Toby. I'm going back to the Halfmoon Cross. Get in."

"I'd better not, Chloe. I can't desert my post. If you need me for anything, call me. Toby knows the number here. Go ahead. And tell Jard where I am, will you?"

By the time Chloe had left the old deserted house behind, the two cars containing the eight men were drawing within half a mile of the big stone house. They turned down a side road, continued till they reached a line of brush edging a field, and stopped. The eight men got out and walked noiselessly into the grounds.

They stepped warily inside the barn, and Hassalo swept an electric flashlight around the interior. Nothing was to be seen but stalls and mangers, along with a couple of drowsing horses. Hassalo went swiftly up the ladder to inspect the hayloft, flashed his light around it, and nodded, satisfied that it was empty of life. "Not a soul here," he announced. "Bunkhouse next."

As the men streamed silently out of the barn, the hay in the loft heaved, parted, fell aside in countless places!

The eight men investigating the buildings also investigated every possible hiding place near the buildings, and finally grouped near the back porch.

"The coast's clear," said Wark Hassalo. "I'll knock. The minute I get him down the steps, land on him!"

Within the living room, Jard and Red Kastner instantly got to their feet at the knock, and went softly into the kitchen.

"Who's there?" Jard's voice demanded.

"It's Wark Hassalo, Shellstrom," Hassalo answered evenly. "Would you please come on out for a few moments? I'd like to talk to you. It's really very important, Shellstrom."

"All right, Hassalo. As soon as I can make certain that it's you."

JARD snapped on the kitchen light. Hassalo could be dimly seen by the rays that glowed through the sash pane of the kitchen door. Jard flicked off the light again.

He unlocked the door and threw it open. Red Kastner stepped out. Hassalo casually caught his arm and started down the steps with him. Jard watched their dim figures through the sash doorpane. He saw two men advance a few feet into the yard. Then the figures of seven other men rushed together to surround Kastner.

Joe turned on the floodlight in the yard.

The eight men swarming around Kastner and tightly hemming him in blinked at the sudden flood of radiance. The man they had captured was not Jard Shellstrom! He was grinning at them in leering contempt.

"Break! Run for it!" shouted Hassalo frantically.

Too late! From every side a belligerent crowd of defenders rushed in upon them, armed with anything they had been able to find to serve as weapons.

Jard Shellstrom stepped on to the porch into the light, surveying them with a scrutinizing gaze. Each one of the eight men was helpless in the grasp of three or more men.

"Good work, boys!" Jard commended. "You can bring them in—every last one of them."

The huge living room was fairly well crowded when the entire company had gathered there.

Jard faced them, a bitter and implacable expression engraved on his dark face.

"I have something to show you," he said. "I'll bring it."

He quitted the room and returned almost immediately. He carried the cedar chest as a man carries sacred things—bore it to the center of the room and placed it carefully on the floor.

"Bring them up here, boys," he commanded.

The eight men were stationed in such manner that none of them was too far from the chest to have an unobstructed view of its contents when it should be opened.

"I have found"—Jard bent to grip the lid—"my father." He jerked the lid open.

The eight men gasped, almost as one, in wild dismay. The accusing skeleton stared up at them from eyeless sockets. Jard stood to his full height, his burning eyes traveling from man to man.

"You can see—as if you hadn't already known it!"—he spoke with a fine edge of scorn—"that he was murdered. Battered to death. He was a furious fighter when he was justly aroused, and twice as bad when he was cornered. And he *was* cornered. He was cornered by a gang, overpowered, and beaten to death. I have been told that you all had a hand in it."

It is one thing to beat to death a man in the dark, driven by brutal and lawless passion. It is quite another thing to be confronted by the grinning skull and battered bones of that man in merciless searing light. Paled faces set, and not a tongue gave answer.

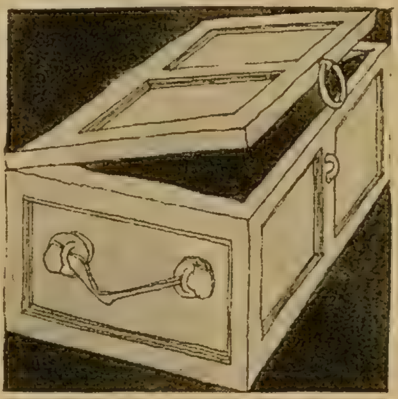
"I'm waiting!" Jard's voice rasped. "I'm not going to wait all night!"

"We don't know what you're talking about," Hassalo returned curtly. "Our desire to be rid of you had nothing to do with your father's death. None of us ever had the slightest idea what had become of him."

Jard surveyed them with narrowed eyes. "Calhoun should have trained you in the art of lying with the face. You are all wasting your time. I *know* that you killed him. And I'll find some way of making you murderers talk, if I have to institute a little private torture chamber of my own right here and now."

That threat got under Hassalo's skin with a sting. He stared at Jard for a long minute with dissecting eyes; then the eyes veiled, his gaze turned opaque.

"All right, Shellstrom. You've got us where we can make no move to defend ourselves. I'd see you in hell, as far as I'm concerned, before I'd tell you anything. But I can't see you put these other men through the kind of fiendish pressure you could exert. Your father was killed by a man who was his bitter enemy. The man who did the killing was panic-stricken after he had committed the act, and he begged me and these men here to help him hide the body, to save him from exposure and punishment. He told us exactly what the quarrel had been, and how he had been forced into killing Halvor in a clear case of self-defense. We put him in that closet in his own room, where you managed to find him—God knows how! Nobody else even knew the closet existed. You didn't know it yourself. I don't see how you found it."



"That doesn't concern you, Hassalo." Jard lifted a hand to push the dark-red hair from his forehead. "How did you ever come to learn of it?"

"Purely by chance." Hassalo was gaining confidence. "It is of no great significance, Shellstrom. I'd suggest that you tell your men to release us. I've told you all I know to tell, and none of these men can tell you any more, no matter what you do to them."

"So?" Jard's reply was the essence of caustic derision. "We'll just see about that, Hassalo." There was a sound of swift footsteps. Jard wheeled. Into the open doorway stepped Chloe Leigh. Her honey-colored hair was disheveled, her fair face was smudged with dust. She was haggard, but her gray eyes were blazing with excitement.

"Chloe!" Jard took an involuntary step toward her. "Where have you been? What's happened?"

Chloe sent a swift look around the room. Her gaze lingered searchingly on Hassalo, then came back to Jard. "I've been in the Calhoun house."

"The Calhoun house! But I searched the house—"

"I know. I hadn't got there yet. I was—"

Hassalo gave vent to a harsh, smothered exclamation of dismay.

Jard's gaze flicked Hassalo, then swept again to Chloe. "I take it that you heard something worth repeating."

"I did. I heard Calhoun talking to him." She gestured toward Hassalo. "I also heard him talking to Robert Van Wyck. But Mavis was there when he was talking to Van Wyck. She has probably told you Calhoun's going to Ammerville to keep your men from coming back?"

"Yes, she told me."

"I heard Calhoun tell Hassalo to call these men here to a meeting in that old deserted house south of Graham's hayfield. I went over there to listen in."

HASSALO gulped and went white. For the first time, real fear was written on his face.

"I heard several conversations between Calhoun and other men that gave me some information, Jard," Chloe went on swiftly. "There were lowered sentences and words that I missed here and there. I stayed till the last plan had been made, till everybody was gone, both from the Calhoun house and the old house in the draw."

Fear ran from man to man. Moe Frazier began to babble half-incoherently. Hassalo drew himself up with a colossal effort and snapped out a savage reproof.

Jard laughed an ugly mocking laugh. "Go ahead, Chloe. What did you learn?"

"I learned what happened to your father!" Chloe stared at Hassalo in open repugnance. "I learned why it happened, and who did it. But you'll have to make Hassalo talk, too. I told you there are holes left in the facts, the way I got them."

"That doesn't matter too much, Chloe. I can help some." The voice came from behind her, and every eye in the room leaped to the open door.

Toby Thurm stood there, a wry smile on his face.

"*You* again!" exclaimed Jard.

"Oh, I've been right here all the time," Toby answered, and advanced quickly into the room. "I barely took time off this afternoon to drive Chloe over to Calhoun's. I took her around the back way and left her hidden in the old blacksmith shop in the grove by Calhoun's barn. Then I went back to the highway and drove in by the front driveway, to hold Oliver's attention so that she could slip into the house and cache herself."

"But, Toby!" Mavis drew a step toward him. "Why—"

"Oh, I wanted to know things." Toby's massive shoulders lifted in their strangely impressive shrug. "Things I couldn't get out of Oliver. So I planted Nort Graham in the house in the draw, and Chloe in—"

"You damned traitor!" Hassalo panted, livid-faced. But Toby cut him short:

"Go ahead, Chloe. Tell Jard what you learned. With what I've got through Nort, I may be able to fill the chinks."

Toby had halted within a foot of Jard. Jard's eyes plunged deep into Toby's gaze. "Apologies accepted?" he said.

A SWIFT white smile flashed across Toby's countenance, but he did not speak. He merely gripped the hand Jard held out to him.

Chloe broke into swift speech: "Your father was killed, Jard. Beaten to death—"

"It will save you time to know that we have found him," Jard interrupted. "We know how he was killed and where he was hidden. Go on."

"You found him! Where? When? How?"

"Details later, when there's more time." Jard laid an arm around her shoulders and drew her to him.

"But Mavis—" Chloe's eyes went to the dark face of Stormy Weather, standing apart, and somehow oddly alone, against the wall by the fireplace. "I can't talk before Mavis. There are things—"

"Your error, Chloe!" Mavis stood erect, her black head high, and in the somber dark eyes the despairing shadow of pain was beaten back by pride. "Say what you have to say. Oliver Calhoun and I go different roads from here."

Within Chloe something cried pityingly, "She's so alone, she's so alone!" She averted her gaze from the desolate and tragic face. "I—I wouldn't hurt *you*—"

"Chloe!" Jard's arm tightened on her shoulders. "Stormy's a soldier. Get through this, and then I'm taking these men to Pendleton and swearing out a warrant for their arrest."

"Don't do that, Shellstrom," Hassalo cried out in wild consternation, his control utterly broken for the moment. "I'll talk! I'll talk!"

Jard forced Chloe gently but swiftly into a chair, and straightened himself again to face Hassalo. "Well, we can try it. But talk rapidly, Hassalo—and don't leave anything out."

Hassalo cleared his throat. He did not even glance at any of the other seven men held captive there with him.

"This all began because your father was trying to corner the business of this territory. He knew how to go about it. He had the best beef stock, the best wheat. He produced the best truck vegetables. He insisted on raising about everything that could be raised. He glutted the markets. None of the rest of us could sell anything.

"We asked him to specialize in one thing, to give the rest of us a chance. He wouldn't listen.

"Some of us had been to heavy expense. Calhoun and Van Wyck and I had installed a great deal of modern equipment. Van came here from college prepared to achieve quality and quantity production. Calhoun gave us all the benefit of his friendship with Van and of Van's learning.

"But we couldn't achieve much advance if we were cramped in our marketing avenues. We tried to make it clear to your father. But he couldn't, or wouldn't, see the advantage of our ideas. We told him that we would force co-operation on his part. He grew insanely angry, ordered us off his place and threatened us. We—"

"Oh, he's lying! He's lying!" Chloe sprang from her chair. "I know the truth! They *did* resent your father's efficient production, but *not* because he was glutting any markets! The markets were slack only because of the depression, and everybody knows it. They—they just had a wild idea, Jard!" She turned to him abruptly, her face flushed with earnestness. "You know how the government made an offer to farmers, in order to cut down overproduction, to pay them a bonus to cover any loss involved if they would let a certain percentage of their land lie idle and not render full production?"

Jard nodded.

"Well, that was where these men got their wild idea. Calhoun was the ringleader from the beginning—he is the head of the entire movement. He had Napoleonic dreams of power, Jard. They went to his head and made him the next thing to a madman."

"Mad!" Hassalo flashed in sudden uncontrollable fury. "It's not Calhoun who's mad!"

"Shut up!" snapped Jard.

"He *is* mad!" Chloe's accusing gaze flamed on Hassalo. She whirled again to face Shellstrom. "He got the idea that he could eventually control the entire United States! He worked to impress the men of this district with his intelligence, his farsightedness, his capacity. They, with him at their head, would control all the markets of the nation. That's what he planned. They would begin by going on a wholesale hunger strike, only the hunger strike was to be leveled at the rest of the country. They established their secret organization. Their intention was to produce only what each man would need for his own and his family's consumption. *They* would be safe from hunger and want, but the rest of the country could starve and go hang till it came to terms. They—"

"You're distorting things beyond all reason!" Hassalo cut in desperately.

Toby cut him short:

"She is *not!* That was what I wanted to get at—that hunger-strike business. That's the part Calhoun was keeping me from finding out. How were they going to work it, Chloe?"

"They simply weren't going to *have* anything to sell, Toby! They would agree to produce and sell for general consumption only when the starving citizens should agree to pay them the exorbitant price schedule they had prepared and when the country agreed to allow them full control of all marketing facilities."

"But what about the government, the President, the federal avenues of control?" Joe demanded, aghast.

"They had a form of coercion," Chloe answered. "The fright of the starving people was the backbone of it."

"But, good God!" Jard cried out in furious protest. "Did they want to wreck the country? Didn't they look two feet ahead?"

"THAT'S what your father said, Jard!" Toby raised his brilliant eyes to meet Jard's dismayed gaze. "That's where he earned their enmity. He refused to join them. He told them they were crazy fools—that they'd plunge the nation into a panic that might take generations to readjust. He swore to carry on his production with renewed activity, in open defiance of their damned organization. Halvor said there were laws and officers to protect him and uphold him. He dared Calhoun and his crowd to try to stop him from being a decent and conscientious citizen."

"So," said Jard, his voice as hard and cold as the edge of a knife—"so they killed him."

"Yes." Chloe's voice sank almost to a whisper. "They killed him—before he could call for protection. Calhoun got twelve picked men together: himself and Van Wyck, these men here, and that Zan Brenner and Emery Halpole. But—that's all I know."

"You learned all I needed to know!" Toby Thurm looked into her face. "We'll piece the rest of it together somehow. Jard, I've got the rest of that part of it: the actual killing. Nort got it. They caught your father alone, out on the range west of the horse pasture. They attacked him in a body. They didn't mean to kill him—read between the lines, Jard! They didn't *mean* to *kill* him! They only meant to beat him up badly and frighten him into doing what they demanded. But he fought back, and they beat him so badly that they killed him."

"You really mean that they didn't *intend* to kill him?"

"Drop it!" Toby's eyes flamed a warning. "That's the story. They'll stick to it. Maybe—some of 'em—didn't."

"Wait a minute," Jard interrupted. His face was pasty white; his deep eyes were terrible. They swung back to Chloe. "Did you hear any evidence of who was most immediately guilty of striking the blows that meant my father's death?"

CHLOE drew a deep breath. "All of them had a hand in your father's murder, Jard. All of them were beating at him whenever they could get a chance. But it was Oliver Calhoun who struck him over the head with a club—Calhoun and Zan Brenner. And that man there"—she pointed to Hassalo—"was the one who jumped on him with all his might and crushed his chest in."

"I didn't!" cried Hassalo.

Jard hunched his shoulders and clenched his hands in white fury. "You ghastly, murdering—"

"Hold it!" Toby's slim fingers clenched on his arms. "Keep a grip on! You don't know the half of it. Calhoun's activities had spread to unbelievable lengths before he and his picked gang tried to control your father. They've been spreading rapidly ever since. He's almost where he can see the maturing of his plans. He won't brook any interference now."

Jard turned his head, staring at Thurm. Hassalo saw an opening and pounced upon it:

"You're right he won't! We're driving toward a sound and humane objective—an objective that will prove advantageous for the entire population—and we're not going to see any mossbacks stand in our way."

"You can stop right there!" Jard interrupted in savage indignation. "Men like you are the ones who wreck decent advance by going beyond all reason. You can't get away with it! You couldn't rule my father. You *killed* him but you couldn't rule him. You can't rule me! You're going to Pendleton—to jail!"

"Jard." Toby's hand on his arm clenched tighter. "Get the old head to working. You haven't got this yet. They killed your father, but they didn't hesitate in their procedure for a minute after they'd done it. In their estimation, Halvor was one of the old-school die-hards who would get in their way. You're taking in a lot of territory, Jard. You're proclaiming a declaration of war against a pretty big army. They'll stop at nothing to gain their long planned ends. I told you this movement has spread. Listen! It spreads over twenty-nine states. And—Oll's at the head of it."

Jard turned his head and leveled a steady probing gaze on Thurm.

"Too big to fight, eh?" he said slowly. "Maybe you're right, Toby."

"Now you're showing some intelligence!" Hassalo exclaimed, and swift eagerness and calculation shook him visibly. "This movement is too big for any man to stop. We are going ahead. We have the rights of the people at heart, *our* rights, and the shortsighted few who get in the way must be put out of the way. We are planning a bigger and better government—of the people, for the people, by the people! We have twenty-nine states backing us! You're committing suicide if you refuse to let us go!"

For a long moment Jard's gaze fixed on him. He nodded his head slowly. "Yes, I'm letting you go. All of you. I don't believe that I want to take you in to

Pendleton, after all. And I don't want to hold you here. I can't be bothered with you right now. Go home and let me alone. I'll talk to you later."

Hassalo drew himself up with pompous dignity. "You'll not talk to me. You can settle things with Calhoun."

Jard laughed shortly. "Let them go, boys."

The men who had been holding the eight Calhoun men loosed their captives. Hassalo led the released men to the door, starting from the room with long and hasty strides.

In the tense silence that fell over their departure not another person moved till they were quite alone. Then Mavis, her somber ravaged face quite without color, raised her head to stare at Jard.

"Why did you let them go? The law would respect the testimony of Nort Graham and Chloe and Toby. You had them—why didn't you take them to Pendleton as you threatened to do?"

"Yes, why! *Why?*" Chloe interrupted. "Do you still have some mad idea of trying to fight them? You know Calhoun! The minute Calhoun gets back, they'll get that crowd together and they'll be down on you before daylight!"

"Of course they will. I tried my damnedest to drive them to it in everything I said." Jard's gaze flicked to Toby Thurm.

"Great guy!" breathed Toby. "I thought you got it."

"But *why?*" cried Mavis.

JARD'S gaze held hers levelly. "Stormy, I'm not talking about your father: I'm just talking about Oliver Calhoun. His organization is mad enough—I'd try to stop that anyway. But this is a personal score. He killed my father. He killed my father's brother. And to bring them down on me this way, with him leading them, is my one, last, and only chance of being able to lay hands on Oliver Calhoun. We have a President, we have a governor, we have state police, and we have the militia. And we'll call on every damn one of them before we give up the fight, if we have to! So sit tight and wait till I think things out a little. You can go on out now, men. We can expect Calhoun's outfit to move before daylight."

With a jumble of assurances of their willingness and capacity for diligence and vigilance, the men filed out of the room, till no one was in the house save Jard, Joe, the two girls, and Toby Thurm.

"Whew! It looks like a battle royal before this is done!" Joe ejaculated as he dropped on to the davenport.

"It's going to be more than that!" Chloe shivered and followed him, threw herself down beside him and leaned limply against him. "Calhoun and Hassalo were talking over the telephone before that meeting tonight. I heard every word Calhoun said, and he was doing all the talking. I didn't repeat that conversation before the men, because I wanted them to think I hadn't heard it. But Hassalo evidently asked Calhoun if he thought you could really stand in their way, Jard."

"Yes?" Jard crossed the rug to stand before her, listening closely. Mavis followed him, her hands nervously clasped together. "And Calhoun?"

"He laughed at the very idea of such a possibility. Then Hassalo must have suggested that you might ask for protection of some kind, and that they didn't want that. Calhoun snapped, 'Of course we don't want it! We'll move before he has any opportunity to do anything.'"

"Good news!" Jard smiled at her with grim significance. "That means that beyond all doubt, after what I've said here to Hassalo, they'll gang up tonight." He frowned. "This is all hell on you, Stormy. I wish I could save you from it."

"You can't. Nobody can save me from it. Save yourself!" Her gaze dropped to Chloe. "Go on, Chloe. What else?"

"Hassalo made some kind of suggestion about Jard's escaping the eight of them when they came over tonight. Calhoun only laughed again. He said that he was prepared for any move Jard might make. He'll be back here before long from Ammerville—he'll do something about those men and he'll be back!"

"Let him come!" Jard said fervently. "The quicker he gets back here and starts the last ball rolling, the quicker we'll all find some peace and quiet again. He must have done something about the men, or they'd have begun to string in by now."

"They'll not come back!" Mavis predicted with grim conviction. "He'll hire a couple of trucks and take them clear to Pendleton if he has to, but he'll get rid of them and be back here by midnight. There was never anybody who could lie as smoothly as he can and make any listener believe him. Those men will never be back here in time to do you any good tonight."

In the hall the telephone rang. Jard excused himself from the group and hurried to answer it. The others remained in tense silence, listening. They heard him take down the receiver, heard his terse inquiring "Hello?" They heard him exclaim sharply, "*Nort!*" and Toby sat erect with a quickly indrawn breath. Then there was silence in the hall while Nort Graham talked and Jard listened. A few short monosyllables from Jard and the receiver clicked into place again. Jard came striding back to confront them with high excitement in his dark face.

"Nort's got it! Phil called him from Ammerville. What do you think Oliver has done?"

Has the crafty Calhoun outsmarted Jard and his men in their important plan for a watertight defense? If so, what steps will be taken to guard against the inevitable violence headed their way? Read the answers in the smashing episodes found in next week's installment.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONSTITUTIONISM** by James Mussatti. Richard Blank Publishing Co.

A careful and precise statement of the origin of liberty under the Constitution, together with an annotated copy of the Constitution itself and an outline of the sixty-four decisions of the Supreme Court which have declared congressional law to be unconstitutional. There are also a complete text of the Declaration of Independence and a résumé of the rights you are entitled to as a United States citizen.

★ ★ ★ **CUBAN SIDESHOW** by R. Hart Phillips. Cuban Press. New York agent, Baker & Taylor Company.

A running account of events in recent Havana revolutions, as seen by an American woman journalist. Fabulous chaos is portrayed, and there is a subacid flavor of contempt for the Cuban character. It makes exciting reading.

★ ★ ½ **STOKER BUSH** by James Hanley. The Macmillan Company.

A tragic picture of dockside characters in a Liverpool slum.

★ ★ ½ **THE WOODEN PILLOW** by Carl Fallas. The Viking Press.

Charmingly written sketch on the Madam Butterfly motif with excellent local color and sympathetically drawn characters.

★ ★ ½ **FAR ENOUGH** by Eugenie de Kalb. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Here is a stirring novel of the great Boer "trek" from the Cape to the Transvaal in the early nineteenth century which we recommend to all Americans because of the close parallel with their own pioneer ancestry.

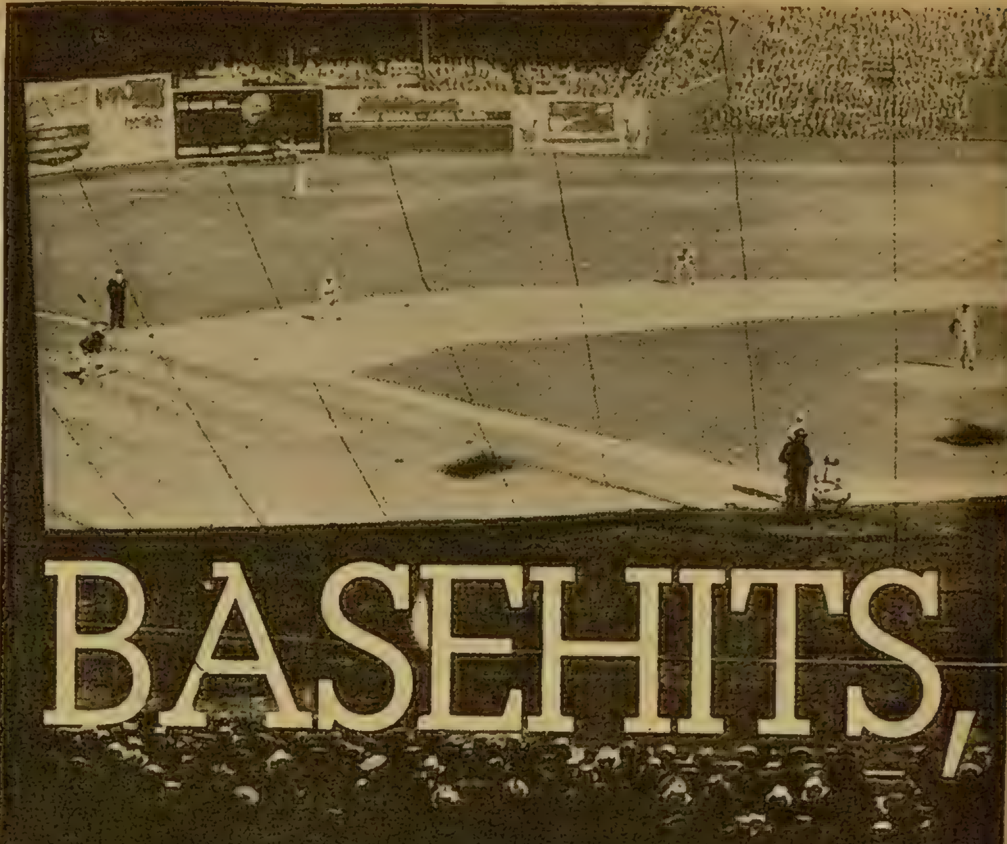
★ ★ **PRESIDENT RANDOLPH As I Knew Him** by John Francis Goldsmith. Dorrance & Co.

A story laid in the future of an imaginary President and what he did.

★ ★ **DUST OVER THE RUINS** by Helen Ashton. The Macmillan Company.

The flirtations of a beautiful woman with three men create tense drama in an archaeological expedition in northern Arabia.

Are Big-League Ball Clubs Gold Mines? Here, from One Who KNOWS, Are Facts and Figures That May Surprise You



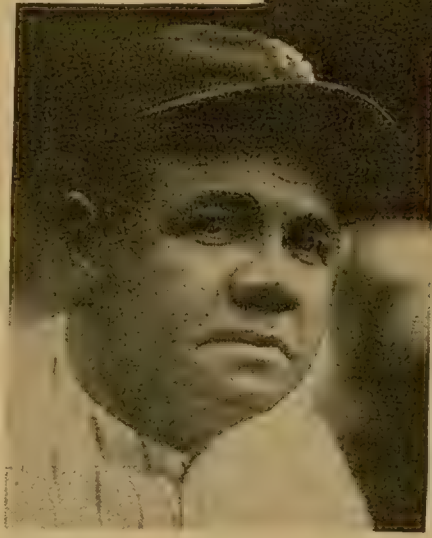
BASEHITS,

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

FORTY-FIVE thousand people jammed their way into our ball park one day last season for a double-header, and as I struggled through the mob to my seat I heard one fan say to his neighbor, " Gee, I wouldn't mind splitting today's gate receipts with the owners! "

Yes, I imagine none of us would, for most of us like the gravy. But how would you like to take the gambles that go hand in hand with those receipts? As a fan, you may think that a major-league team would be a money-maker in the hands of a truck gardener; that a big-league franchise is synonymous with success. But, take my word for it, you would be very wrong.

Those somewhat prevalent beliefs would be gospel truth if a great many other things were true.



Releasing Babe Ruth proved a costly error for the Yanks.

If, for instance, the minor leagues were chock-full of young Ruths, Gehrigs, and Deans, so that the sixteen big-league teams didn't have to employ scouts and spend almost one and a half million dollars every year trying to find new talent; if it never rained on a Sunday or a holiday; if the fans would come out to see the team regardless of whether or not it was winning—yes, if all those things were true, then our job would be a lead-piped cinch.

Unfortunately, though, not one of the above " ifs " *is* true. Baseball today is big business.

It takes as much business acumen to be a successful magnate of our national pastime as it does to be the major-domo of a banking house, for dealing in human muscle and skill is fraught with strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings.

Last September the Brooklyn Dodgers wanted to buy Colonel Buster Mills from the Rochester team. The Red Wings agreed to sell Mills, but they demanded the late Len Koenecke in return. The trade papers were drawn up and signed. But there is a rule which says that the agreement must pass through the league office before the transfer is official. The papers arrived in the National League office on the morning of September 17, but the deal never went through; for that morning's papers announced the sudden tragic death of Koenecke in an airplane. Had Mr. Farley's hired hands been just a trifle faster, Rochester would have owned the services of the late outfielder; but as it was, Brooklyn had to send another player in his place.

A bank president may invest some of his deposits in certain issues of stocks or bonds with a reasonable amount of surety, but I may pay as much as $50,000 or $75,000 for a minor-league star who is not good enough for the big leagues, despite his impressive Pacific Coast or American Association record.

That happened in the case of Koenecke. Len was playing for Indianapolis and hitting like a blue streak when John McGraw decided to go down and look the young man over. As the late Giant manager checked into his hotel he met Rogers Hornsby, then piloting the Chicago Cubs. Hornsby had come to Indianapolis to look over Koenecke too, and he told McGraw that he was checking out that evening because Len " was a sucker for an inside curve."

McGraw stayed on, though, and liked what he saw, for he had the late Charles Stoneham, owner of the Giants, pay $75,000 for the fence-busting fireman, only to learn later that Hornsby was right.

We get some bad breaks in muscle and skill investments, but we also get some good ones. One of the most valuable outfielders in the big leagues today is young Melvin Ott, a veteran of eleven years' service at the age of twenty-seven. He didn't cost the Giants a cent, having been recommended to McGraw by a friend who lived near Ott in Louisiana.

Last year Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, bought Joe Cronin, his shortstop and manager, from the Senators for the startling price of $250,000—*in cash!* Despite what you may think of his investment, don't you think it takes a little nerve, a little of the gambling spirit, to invest that much money in any one human being who is, after all, as much heir to the ills of flesh as the rest of us? Every day ballplayers take chances of being badly hurt on the diamond. If you are inclined to scoff at the dangers which ballplayers undergo, remember that until a few years ago no insurance company would give a player a policy.

All this may seem very abstract to you, so let's play a little game. As a reader of Liberty you are entitled to one share of stock in a mythical company called Basehits, Incorporated. We will run a big-league club for one year and see how we make out.

The figures used hereafter are not haphazard guesses but the actual figures on which my club reluctantly paid its taxes this year.

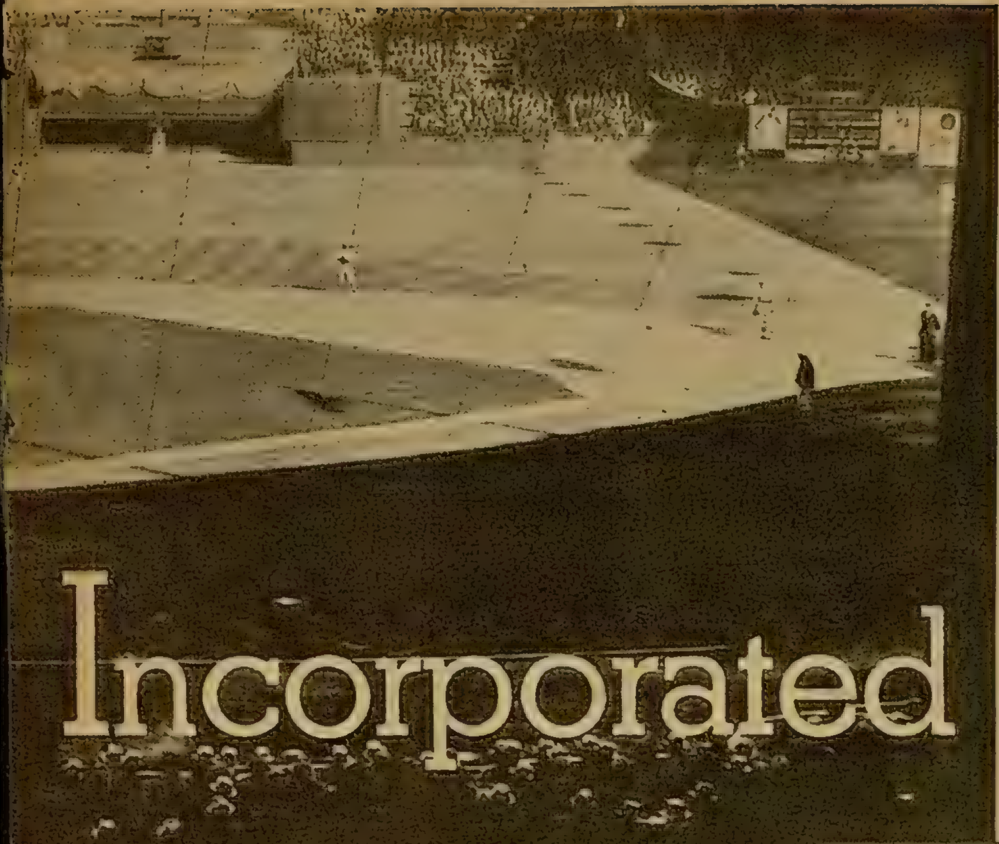
It is now January 1, and our secretary is busy arranging a schedule of exhibition games which our team will play in the South during the training period. He is also making arrangements for our team to stop in a Southern city for about a month. The city must have a suitable ball park, and must also be willing and able to give him a financial guaranty.

About thirty-five players and a dozen newspapermen are taken South at the club's expense.

During the training period money is being paid out and nothing but abuse is coming in. With a good break in the weather, though, we may salvage something of this investment from the exhibition games.

But with the tour over we find that the total expenses amounted to $45,000, and the exhibition games' gate receipts, plus our guaranty, came to $20,000. Thus we find our books showing a crimson $25,000 before a single official inning has been played.

We will assume that our manager has spent for new players only what the budget allowed him. That sum is $90,000. Some years you will spend more, some years less, but it is never the case that a big-league team can go from one season to the next without securing some new talent.



Incorporated

by A MAJOR-LEAGUE CLUB OWNER

as told to

JERRY D. LEWIS

We will then pay the rent and taxes on the ball park, amounting to another $50,000. After spending $10,000 more for tickets, rosters, advertisements, etc., we are ready to open the season.

The sun, we will say, shines brightly on opening day and our park is full. The money is rolling in, but most of it keeps right on rolling until it gets out again, for on opening day the salaries of the players start. We have twenty-three players, a manager, three coaches, and a trainer to pay on the first and fifteenth of each month. We pay them an aggregate of $235,000 for their season's labors.

Boston's $250,000 Cronin. Will he return dividends?

While we play at home the athletes pay their own way, but when we are on the road, and that is half the season, we must pay their transportation and hotel bills. Then, too, there are the newspapermen who travel with the club, and whose tabs must be picked up. But this is money well spent, for without the co-operation of the sports editors baseball would not have grown to its present status. For the most part, that takes care of what we pay out.

Now we will get to the part you stockholders will like—a list of the money we take in. Because our team played fairly well and finished in third place, our attendance at home for the seventy-seven games was 750,000. When we play at home the visiting club shares in the gate receipts, and we do likewise when we are on the road. The average seat in the park sells for a dollar. Of that, the league gets two and a half cents, which is used to pay the salaries of the league officials, umpires, etc., and the visiting team gets twenty-two and a half cents.

That makes $187,500 that we pay out. While away from home we played to a combined crowd of 389,000 patrons, so that we got approximately $87,500 from the seven other clubs. Our total income from baseball was $650,000.

During the times that our team is playing on the road we may rent our park to some promoter for outdoor prize fights, and during the winter we rent the park to a college for use as a football stadium. We receive a percentage of the receipts as a rental fee, which will run to about $60,000. Our one other source of revenue is from our concessions. For the exclusive privilege of selling hot dogs, peanuts, candy, and cigarettes, we will receive $35,000.

Here is a review of our expenses and our revenue:

Players' salaries	$235,000
Purchase of new players	90,000
Transportation	$15,000
Hotel bills	15,000
Rental of park plus attendants' salaries	85,000
Maintenance of park (painting, repairs, etc.)	20,000
Spring training trip	25,000
Players' supplies	11,000
Insurance on players and spectators	12,000
Three scouts (salaries and expenses)	20,000
Twelve newspapermen	38,400
Sundries	11,600
Total expenses	$578,000
Revenue from baseball	$650,000
" " rentals	60,000
" " sale of concessions	35,000
Total revenue	$745,000

That makes a total profit for our young organization of $167,000. Not bad, did you say? No, not if you're lucky enough to have a team which stays up in the thick of the pennant fight.

It looks like a fine return until you take into consideration the fact that the chances for making money rest entirely in the lap of the gods. The expenses remain the same throughout the season. But supposing it should rain on either opening day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, or Labor Day? That rain will cost about $40,000!

If you are inclined to think the figure is farfetched, I offer you the experience of the New York Giants. Last Labor Day their club was within a game of the top. A double-header with the Phillies was on their schedule, and a capacity crowd of 50,000 was a certainty. The sullen drizzle which fell forced the postponement of the games until September 24. On that later date the Giants had already been relieved of their pennant aspirations, and a crowd of about 2,000 turned out. The total loss to the club was in the neighborhood of $55,000.

Another way in which our $167,000 profit might have been cut almost in half was by the injury to one of our stars. Remember that I had our club in the midst of the pennant fight all the way. Supposing our star outfielder was hurt in midseason, and we had been compelled to buy a replacement. Every club knows our fix, and the price on the player we seek is jacked up to the sky. But our manager needs the player, so we pay $65,000 for him. That puts a dent in the dividends, doesn't it?

Another way in which profits may be eaten up is by the sale or release of a popular star. That may sound like a paradox to you, but to prove my point I need only remind you of the case of Babe Ruth.

Last year the New York Yankees sent Ruth to the Boston Braves. It was soon apparent that they had made a bad mistake, for their attendance fell off even though the team was leading the league. Ruth, despite the fact that he had slowed up to a walk, was still a terrific drawing card in New York. When the Braves made their first 1935 appearance in Tammany Town, 42,000 fans turned out to cheer him. Ruth, with the Braves for less than half the season, made enough money for them in that short space of time to allow them to break even on the season despite the fact that they finished in last place.

What's sauce for one club is gravy for another!

THE END

SIMPLE, SENTIMENTAL, SPEEDY

Quiet Charm, Rural Ways, and Lusty, Reminiscent Thrills Animate a Handful of New Pictures

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ½ BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT

THE PLAYERS: Ross Alexander, Anita Louise, Joseph Cawthorn, Kathleen Lockhart, Gene Lockhart, Richard Purcell, Mary Treen, Joseph Crehan, Frank Darien. Directed by William McGann. From a play by Barry Conners.

WHEN we tell you that Brides Are Like That is just about as good as it can be, it doesn't mean that you should drop whatever you are doing and rush right out to see it. It's a little piece that moves easily as it peeks into the lives of a group of average citizens.

Clean as a Sunday-school picnic and filled with those touches called homely, Brides Are Like That concerns an engaging wastrel, nicely played by Ross Alexander. This gay loafer manages to win the rather beautifully inanimate Anita Louise away from a plodding rival, but their marriage presents more difficulties than their humorously treated courtship. For one thing, the husband would rather play golf than work. And for another, the families on both sides try to break up the young couple.

Ross Alexander and Anita Louise in a scene from Brides Are Like That.

But the novice husband has an invention up his sleeve which makes a fortune for the newlyweds and, more than that, joins their families in business and domestic harmony.

This thoroughly happy climax is easily anticipated, but in no way does it spoil the gentle tale. For if Brides Are Like That has any claim to distinction at all, it is that the picture assiduously dodges all novel and surprising twists. It could tell this story in its sleep.

You will like Kathleen and Gene Lockhart as Miss Louise's bickering parents. And addicts of dialect comedy should get their fill of word mangling from Joseph Cawthorn, who represents Ross Alexander's side of the family. Moviegoers who don't expect too much should find this an amusing portrait of what the studios like to think is typical American home life.

VITAL STATISTICS: That milk-and-rose complexion on Anita Louise is the product of a strict diet of raw meat—doctor's orders at the moment. I'm told she's the most ethereal gal in Hollywood (she certainly looks it) and has to keep weights in her shoes to keep from blowing away. Anita's present fads are breeding Scotties, taking tea on the set in the Lady Joan Crawford fashion. . . . Gene Lockhart and his wife Kathleen play man and wife in this one in the Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew manner. Gene writes Gilbertian lyrics and has tried to raise the standard of Hollywood lyric writing, not believing in the type of song writer of whom 'twas said: "He only knew thirty-two words, but, boy! could he rearrange them!" This's made over from the stage play Applesauce. . . . Rich Purcell wants the world to know the best way to get to Hollywood is to make Hollywood come to you. Once lost twenty pounds trying to crash the studio gates. Returned to New York stage, and found that distance had lent enchantment and Thalberg had sent the call to come! . . . Joe Cawthorn started mugging at four—December 4, 1872—as Tambourine End with the Pickaninny Minstrels at Robinson's Hall in New York City; has been working steadily for the sixty-three intervening years.

★ ★ TIMOTHY'S QUEST

THE PLAYERS: Eleanor Whitney, Tom Keene, Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Elizabeth Patterson, Sally Martin, Bennie Bartlett, Samuel S. Hinds, Esther Dale, J. M. Kerrigan, Irene Franklin, and others. Directed by Charles Barton. Story by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S rustic version of Little Lord Fauntleroy comes to the screen as a well fashioned and sometimes comic bit of homespinning. Likable little Dickie Moore makes a winsome boy hero and the simple story that he is given is told with quietly moving effectiveness. For all its sad moments, Timothy's Quest is more humorous than heart-rending and the film is not without a certain obvious charm.

In Timothy's Quest, Dickie Moore is seen as a foundling who gets taken on a farm run by Elizabeth Patterson. Miss Patterson is supposed to be a frozen-hearted old crab, but the audience—even those sitting in the last row—will be able to tell that she is just fooling. All the characters are drawn in this broad vein. But as they are portrayed with sincerity they give the plot many lifelike moments. The always competent Miss Patterson is especially fine, and Eleanor Whitney and Tom Keene are somewhat more than adequate as the lovers.

This backwoods sketch shows how Dickie Moore brings love and happiness to all those he meets and gets himself pretty well liked in the process. It's a credit to the writers and players that the picture is seldom maudlin, and people dead bent on going to a movie could do much worse than see this one.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eleanor Whitney has exactly five feet in height and practically that many when it comes to manufacturing taps. She is being groomed as a dancing Janet Gaynor, and when she was ten she danced herself red in the face for Bojangles Robinson in a Cleveland dressing room. She was brought up backstage, in niteries, cafés. Eleanor's unwedded. . . . Samuel Hinds, the ex-attorney, is getting sick of the publicity about being made an actor by the crash of '29. Says he'll soon have another fortune from acting (eighty pictures in three years—in three others while Questing) unless he goes down in the taxpayer crash of '36. He's unmarried, likes horseback riding as a hobby, although he's so busy he has no time to ride it. In fact, he's Hollywood's busiest actor. . . . Bennie Bartlett is nine; of Independence, Kansas; was reared in a dressing-room trunk; played drums at two; led a pro dance band at four besides playing trumpet solos in it. Composed popular music from four on, although he couldn't read a note; recently composed You're Wonderful in honor of his mother's wedding anniversary. In tin-pan alley he is considered a prodigy, being already of the mental age of most of his more established competitors. . . . . Another genius is Virginia Weidler, one of Paramount's many infant prodigies. She and Dickie Moore are a team. Her parents were married in Berlin, her dad city architect for Hamburg, home of the average hamburger. Virg was born in Hollywood, her paw emigrating when inflation drove them out of Germany. Has five sisters and all have been working in pictures. . . . Sally Martin was born four years ago to Mr. and Mrs. Soloman Matisse in Chicago, of Franco-Russian extraction. As a baby she appeared in many Chicago women's club dramas and earned the title, they tell me, of the Baby Bernhardt, a title which sticks around publicity offices. . . . Dickie Moore's considered Screen Sufferer No. 1 and can wince when called on as if an entire hospital staff were prodding his insides. He's by far the best actual actor of the younger set and hasn't as yet asked to play Hamlet, but I don't doubt he'd do a magnificent job of it. . . . Elizabeth Patterson and Esther Dale are merely competent actresses who don't get the salaries of the kids and are only good for excellent performances—*sans* baby talk! . . . Tom Keene's a made-over Western actor (used to be George Duryea till the numerologists got after him). He accidentally ran over La Whitney during a chase sequence at Chino, when she slipped and fell beneath the buggy he was driving. Fortunately it wasn't a V-12, so she wasn't hurt much.

★ ★ TAILSPIN TOMMY

THE PLAYERS: Clark Williams, Noah Beery, Jr., Jean Rogers, Delphine Drew, Bryant Washburn, Mathew Betz, Herbert Heywood. Directed by Ray Taylor. Based on the story by Hal Forrest.

TYPICAL of the modern serial is Tailspin Tommy, suggested by Hal Forrest's narrative comic strip. It runs two reels an installment and lasts twelve weeks. Though only avid child fans will want to see the thing all the way through, adults will find any one chapter full of the far-fetched appeal of a revival show. And those who remember the early days of pictures should get a silly and nostalgic pleasure from this one.

Excellently played by Clark Williams, who makes a heroic Tailspin Tommy, the picture follows the adventures of the young aviator and his pal (Noah Beery, Jr.). Set in a mythical tropic island, and full of flying and pseudoscientific interest, this serial will enthrall—and certainly won't harm—the kids for whom it is designed. The love element is thoroughly scrubbed and reduced to a minimum. But the fighting, intrigue, and villainy are out in full parade.

For twenty minutes of good boisterous fun—or virile excitement if you're under twelve—we suggest that you catch an installment or two of Tailspin Tommy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Serial fans take their fare seriously. They react as emotionally as a Vassar freshman and, during the course of the story's unfolding, a serial hero will get thousands of fan letters from the world over, warning him against such and such a person in the action! The serial actors do their work in the spirit of fun, whereas it's terribly cathedral on a Cedric Gibbons modernistic boudoir stage. They also work a good deal harder—night and day to finish up the ten to fifteen installments. . . . Clark Williams was blown fifteen feet from a plane when an explosive charge went off in the plane's tail before schedule. Had he not moved forward accidentally, he might have been killed. Had to spend $150 assuring his mother in Truro, Nova Scotia, whence he births, that he was all right. He'd done a Mark Twain from the press dispatches. Clark's an engaging fellow with a law background, much stock experience, and an eye for the future. . . . Hal Forrest, Tailspin Tommy's creator, started art modeling in the Atlantic City sands; and Tommy comes out of his war flying record. He'd have to be crippled to walk anywhere when he could fly as well. Pilots his own. . . . Noah Beery, Jr., and Buck Jones's dotter may become one. He flies. Once had to walk to the nearest gas station when his plane ran out of speed juice.

★ ½ THE LADY CONSENTS

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, Margaret Lindsay, Walter Abel, Edward Ellis, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ilka Chase. Directed by Stephen Roberts. Story by P. J. Wolfson.

IN The Lady Consents, Ann Harding, the screen's Public Ennui No. 1, shows what a large amount of anguish a wayward husband can cause a wife. Miss Harding suffers considerably, though she does attempt at times to hide her broken heart behind feeble and heavy-handed wisecracking. The cause of all this emotional turmoil is presented by Margaret Lindsay, who plays a sort of combination Helen Wills-Babe Didrickson-Circe.

After spending its first half getting all of the characters in trouble, The Lady Consents spends the rest of its time readjusting their twisted lives. Walter Abel does his best to console Miss Harding between her divorce and remarriage, while Margaret Lindsay teaches Mr. Marshall a bitter lesson. Though most of the players are bogged knee-deep in charm, Ilka Chase and Walter Abel give the film some good moments. Edward Ellis, who plays Mr. Marshall's father and who tries to reconcile the couple, steals the show. But stealing The Lady Consents is, at most, only petty larceny.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ann Harding's veddy quiet around Hollywood; has just won custody of the little Bannister from ex-husband Harry Bannister; will probably wed that good-looking major from Honolulu; but, despite being just fair around the box office, has what's known as a prestige name. Ann hates to dress up. Elegance and labor go into her clothes, but she doesn't seem to care for outward things. . . . Bart Marshall's got a new contract with Paramount. . . . Margaret Lindsay, who sports all those athletic cups in the picture, is not the outdoor girl by a long shot. She was so exhausted by the Thelma Todd questioning, she had to withdraw from her last picture to rest. She is seen around with Pat di Cicco, agent and former husband to the ill-fated Miss Todd. . . . This is the biggest part Edward Ellis has ever had, and did he eat it up! He wants to make good before he's ninety. . . . Author Wolfson got $15,000 for original story for this.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend.

The Philco *built-in*
Aerial-Tuning System
widens your choice of programs!

RID
TRE
ESPAN

PHILCO 625J . . . $74.95
WITH *built-in* AERIAL-TUNING SYSTEM

A soft-voiced senorita sings to the strains of her guitar. A dance orchestra plays in a smart London supper club. In Berlin a band concert gets under way. From Washington comes the speech of a Senator with Presidential aspirations.

With Philco you can take your choice from scores of programs at home or abroad! For this new Philco 625J has the exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System that makes foreign stations as familiar as American networks.

Hear this Philco at your Philco dealer's and ask about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan. You'll find his name in the classified telephone directory.

PHILCO
A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

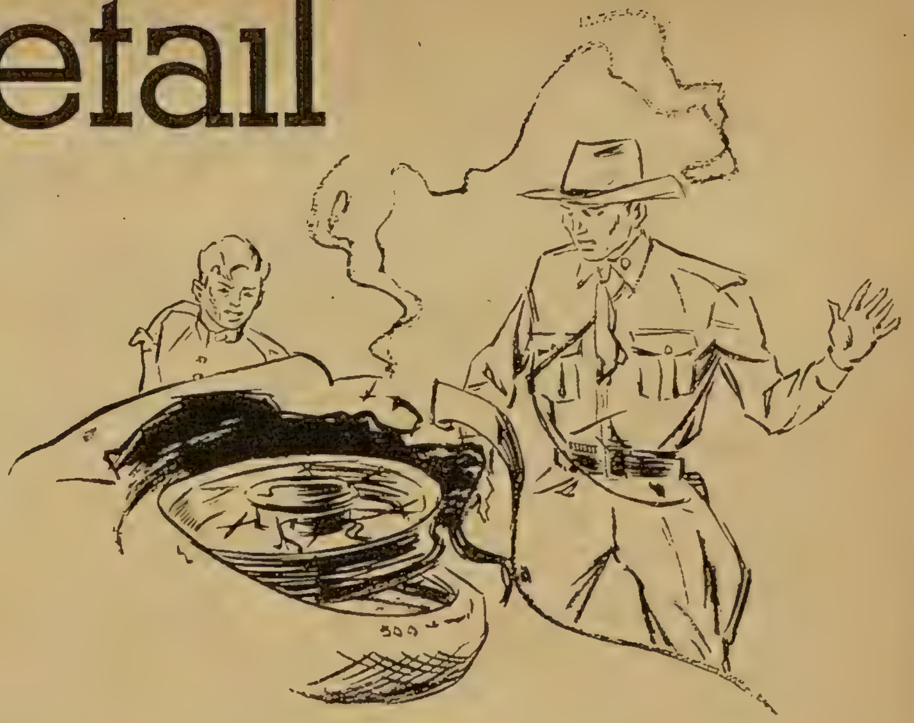
Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

A Small Detail

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWIN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 23 SECONDS



STATE TROOPER WILLETT idled his engine motor and braked his car under a eucalyptus tree about four miles out of town on Highway 66. It was a warm day. He lighted a cigarette and wondered how Ralphson, his partner, was doing. Ralphson and Willett had teamed together for more than two years.

Right now Ralphson was addressing the graduating class of some darn school on Americanism. Willett snorted to himself. A fine lot of Americanism a cop ran into. Nine times out of ten it was a foreigner reporting the loss of a chicken from his coop. Even when they did run into a more exciting bit of business, it was always a foreigner in back of it.

The radio in the patrol car sent out staccato messages and reports continuously. Suddenly the announcer's voice shifted from boredom to sharp incisiveness:

"Attention, all cars. Important. Code 77. Code 77."

Code 77 was highway robbery, a stick-up. Willett started his engine.

"On Highway 44, four miles north of Lankershim—"

Willett wheeled the car on to the highway and pressed the throttle. Less than five miles away. The loudspeaker continued:

"Pay-roll stick-up. Driver and guard killed. Maybe two men in dark coupé. If you corner them, be ready to shoot. They are dangerous. More later."

Willett pressed his foot to the floor board. The radio spoke again:

"Attention, all cars. Instructions on Code 77. Cars 91, 83, and 105 get to intersection of Highways 66 and 44. Cars 108 and 15 head north on Highway 51. Attention, sheriffs and other peace officers. Set up barricades as previously instructed. Stop all cars. Attention, Car 27. Drive north on 66. Watch carefully."

Willett was Car 27 and he was driving north on 66. Making better than sixty, he speeded through Bloomington. Two miles farther he slowed down for the U turn on Grant's Hill. He made the first turn and jammed on his brakes. The car skidded, but he managed to stop right side up. A car was lying on its side, bashed against a cement culvert guard. A little boy was pulling a woman from the wreckage.

She was badly hurt. The little boy's military-school uniform was torn and his face skinned.

"What happened, sonny?" Willett asked as he reached for his first-aid kit.

The boy gulped. "I don't know. Mom was driving pretty fast. We started skidding. Is she hurt bad?"

"Pretty bad, sonny," the trooper answered. "We'll have to get her to a doctor. Here, help me lift her inside."

Together they got her into the car. Willett decided he couldn't leave an injured woman to die while he chased after bandits, orders or no orders. He climbed into the car. "Let's get going, sonny."

The boy started to get in, then ran back to the overturned car. He reached in and pulled out a large suitcase. The little fellow lugged it with both hands. Willett got out of the machine to help. The boy, out of breath, struggled manfully. "I'll get it all right." He tugged at the heavy grip until the trooper boosted it into the machine.

With the unconscious woman between them, they started for Lankershim. The boy, Willett could see out of the corner of his eye, was doing what he could to help the woman.

The radio barked out suddenly and the boy almost leaped from the car. "Just our radio," the trooper told him. "We're looking for a pay-roll bandit gang."

The boy forced a small laugh. "Gee, mister, it scared me for a minute." Willett started, and then said: "Don't worry, sonny." They speeded for two miles. Five hundred yards ahead the road was blocked by two large machines. Willett jammed on the brakes and came to a stop as men with guns at alert stepped from behind the cars. The boy made a slight whimpering noise. Willett yelled: "Got a badly hurt woman here. Got to get her to a doc." The men lowered their guns and one of them said: "O. K., trooper."

One car pulled over out of the way and the man waved Willett on, yelling: "We just about got them bandits cornered. They're headed this way." Willett pressed the throttle. The boy said: "Gee, mister, they looked like they meant business."

"They do, sonny, they do. Those bandits they're after will be lucky if they don't get blown to pieces."

The boy was awed. "Gee, I guess you cops ain't afraid of nobody. Maybe I'll be a cop when I get bigger."

Willett smiled. "You go to Melvin Academy, do you, sonny?" he asked.

The boy admitted that he did. He eased the woman's head back on his shoulder. "Gee, mister, you're swell to help mom out. I don't know what we would have done."

"Neither do I," the trooper admitted. "How come you're not at school today?"

The boy squirmed and once more eased the woman's head. "Summer vacation has started. Mom is taking me home."

At Lankershim, Willett drew up in front of a two-story red-brick building. "Here we are, sonny," he said, and wailed his siren. He got out and around to the other side of the car just as the boy started to back down, and grabbed him in a hammer lock as two officers came running out of the Lankershim jail.

The boy kicked violently in the trooper's grasp.

Holding him with one hand, Willett pulled an automatic from the boy's blouse.

"Jonesy," he said, "lock up this pay-roll bandit and killer. I'll take his moll to the hospital."

The officer's mouth dropped open. "This kid?"

"Kid, hell," said Trooper Willett. "He's older than you are. He's a midget."

The midget stopped struggling and laughed harshly. "You win, copper. How'd you know?"

"Little boys in military school don't say 'mister.' They say 'sir.' They don't know how to try and strangle a woman to death so she can't squeal on them to a cop. And when you said school is over at Melvin I knew you were phony. My pal took the day off to lecture the little brats at Melvin on Americanism. He should have stayed with me and split a reward that they will probably pay on the stolen money you have in that suitcase."

THE END

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

WE, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I, Sec. 1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Sec. 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States, and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.

No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to choose 3; Massachusetts, 8; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 1; Connecticut, 5; New York, 6; New Jersey, 4; Pennsylvania, 8; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 6; Virginia, 10; North Carolina, 5; South Carolina, 5; and Georgia, 3.

When vacancies happen in the representation from any State, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers; and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

Sec. 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to

the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a President *pro tempore,* in the absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.

Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States; but the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law.

Sec. 4. The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall, by law, appoint a different day.

Sec. 5. Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two thirds, expel a member.

Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall, at the desire of one fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

Neither House, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

Sec. 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House they shall not be questioned in any other place.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.

Sec. 7. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.

Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered; and if approved by two thirds of that House, it shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect shall be approved by him, or, being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

Sec. 8. The Congress shall have power

To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;

To borrow money on the credit of the United States;

To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes;

To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States;

To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures;

To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States;

To establish post offices and post roads;

To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries;

To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court;

To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations;

To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water;

To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years;

To provide and maintain a navy;

To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces;

To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions;

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress;

To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings; and

To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

Sec. 9. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.

No bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed.

No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.

No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Sec. 10. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.

No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

ARTICLE II, Sec. 1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows:

Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote. A quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice President.

The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No person except a natural-born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Sec. 2. The President shall be commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.

Sec. 3. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Sec. 4. The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

Article III, Sec. 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Sec. 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens, or subjects.

In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

Sec. 3. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted.

Article IV, Sec. 1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

Sec. 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

Sec. 3. New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State.

Sec. 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.

Article V. The Congress, whenever two thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the Ninth Section of the First Article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Article VI. All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this Constitution shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution as under the Confederation.

This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

Article VII. The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.

Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present the seventeenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven and of the independence of the United States of America the twelfth.

AMENDMENTS

Article I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Article II. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Article III. No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Article IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Article V. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Article VI. In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

Article VII. In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Article VIII. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Article IX. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Article XI. The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

Article XII. The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. They shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States.

Article XIII, Sec. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Article XIV, Sec. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

Article XV, Sec. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Article XVI. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

Article XVII, Sec. 1. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, elected by the people thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote. The electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures.

Sec. 2. When vacancies happen in the representation of any State in the Senate, the executive authority of such State shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies: Provided, That the Legislature of any State may empower the Executive thereof to make temporary appointments until the people fill the vacancies by election as the Legislature may direct.

Sec. 3. This amendment shall not be so construed as to affect the election or term of any Senator chosen before it becomes valid as part of the Constitution.

Article XVIII, Sec. 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

Sec. 2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Sec. 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

Article XIX, Sec. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Article XX, Sec. 1. The terms of the President and Vice President shall end at noon on the twentieth day of January, and the terms of Senators and Representatives at noon on the third day of January, of the years in which such terms would have ended if this article had not been ratified; and the terms of their successors shall then begin.

Sec. 2. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall begin at noon on the third day of January, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

Sec. 3. If, at the time fixed for the beginning of the term of the President, the President elect shall have died, the Vice President elect shall become President. If a President shall not have been chosen before the time fixed for the beginning of his term, or if the President elect shall have failed to qualify, then the Vice President elect shall act as President until a President shall have qualified; and the Congress may by law provide for the case wherein neither a President elect nor a Vice President elect shall have qualified, declaring who shall then act as President, or the manner in which one who is to act shall be selected, and such person shall act accordingly until a President or Vice President shall have qualified.

Sec. 4. The Congress may by law provide for the case of the death of any of the persons from whom the House of Representatives may choose a President whenever the right of choice shall have devolved upon them, and for the case of the death of any of the persons from whom the Senate may choose a Vice President whenever the right of choice shall have devolved upon them.

Sec. 5. Sections 1 and 2 shall take effect on the fifteenth day of October following the ratification of this article.

Article XXI, Sec. 1. The eighteenth article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States is hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. The transportation or importation into any State, Territory, or Possession of the United States for delivery or use therein of intoxicating liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited.

PROPOSED CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

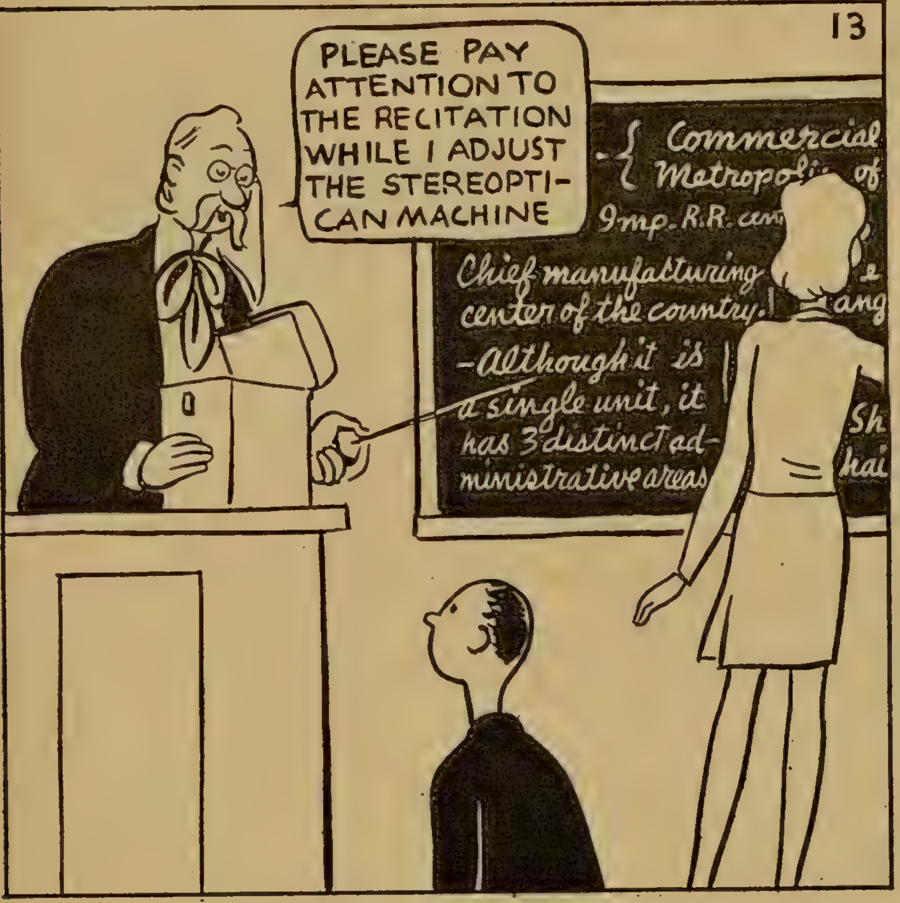
The following amendment was proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by the Sixty-eighth Congress, having been adopted as a joint resolution by the House of Representatives (297 to 69) on April 26, 1924, and by the Senate (61 to 23) on June 2, 1924.

It was ratified by Arizona (1925); Arkansas (1925); California (1925); Colorado (1932); Illinois (1933); Iowa (1933); Maine (1933); Michigan (1933); Minnesota (1933); Montana (1927); New Hampshire (1933); New Jersey (1933); North Dakota (1933); Ohio (1933); Oklahoma (1933); Oregon (1933); Pennsylvania (1933); Washington (1933); West Virginia (1933); Wisconsin (1925); Wyoming (1935). Ratification by thirty-six States is necessary.

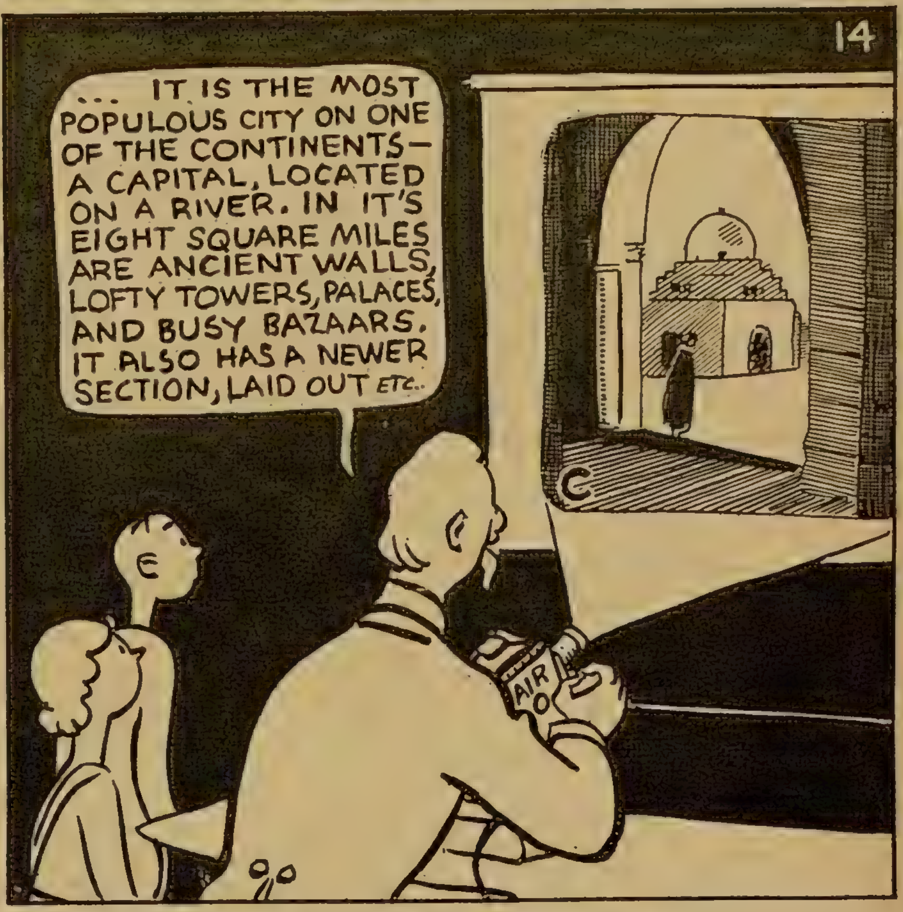
Sec. 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Sec. 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY GAME


13
PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO THE RECITATION WHILE I ADJUST THE STEREOPTICAN MACHINE
Commercial Metropolis of
9mp. R.R. cen
Chief manufacturing center of the country.
ang
-Although it is a single unit, it has 3 distinct administrative areas
Sh
hai

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


14
... IT IS THE MOST POPULOUS CITY ON ONE OF THE CONTINENTS— A CAPITAL, LOCATED ON A RIVER. IN IT'S EIGHT SQUARE MILES ARE ANCIENT WALLS, LOFTY TOWERS, PALACES, AND BUSY BAZAARS. IT ALSO HAS A NEWER SECTION, LAID OUT ETC..
C
AIR O

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

HERE ARE TWO MORE DRAWINGS TO CHALLENGE YOUR SKILL!

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

PLAY THE GAME THROUGH: YOU MAY WIN BIG MONEY!

If you have solved the preceding drawings in this series and have the names of the internationally famous places filed away, you should experience no great difficulty in working out the places revealed by this week's pictures. In fact, you may even find them a bit easier than some you have solved. Certainly they should be no harder than the others.

Do not drop out of the game at this time if you have kept an entry active during the opening weeks of the game. Each week now the prize awards are getting nearer and nearer. The closing date of the contest will be upon you the first thing you know. So keep your entry up to date, and be ready to select the place that you think will win the most prominent place in history when you have all twenty names listed at the close of the game. Perhaps you have eliminated all but one of the places involved so far. That might make the final choice easier.

DRAWINGS 15 AND 16 WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Vox Pop

What They Think of "Jafsie Tells All"

New York, N. Y.—I read in the papers that Governor Hoffman and the Jersey City authorities got in touch with your editor and insisted on receiving the entire Jafsie story at once. I can readily understand this, as I too can hardly wait until I finish reading it.

Some folks may think that old Jafsie likes to hear himself talk, but I, for one, am a most eager and interested listener—or reader. I believe this man is sincere and telling the truth.

Thanks to Liberty for giving us this marvelous human document.—*H. H. H.*

Bridgeport, Conn.—I believe the "answers" given by our Charlie Chan of the Bronx, Jafsie, are the height of incoherence and evasion to the subject at hand.

Why his testimony was ever given much concern is beyond the reasoning of many.—*Jay Goda.*

Houston, Tex.—Jafsie tells it all (he knows it all). His first article tells *me* that he is a bombast.

Wasn't that a friendly dog? Perhaps that dog knew Colonel Breckinridge fairly well and maybe some one had whispered to the dog that the great Dr. Condon was coming. The public is anxiously waiting, Doctor, for you to reveal why you broke your repeated word of honor (?) not to testify against the kidnaper; why, being so sure of your ground, you testified that the first signature was different from the rest and saw nothing wrong there; why you mistook the word "packet" (package or parcel) for the word "box"; why you forgot the man who made the box, and why he disappeared; why the box was necessary; what became of the box (John didn't take it); why you thought your thousand dollars was important, when money was no object to Lindbergh; who paid your traveling expenses; why you didn't look for evidence that night but found the murder clue in the crib long after many sleuths had failed (I'm holding my breath for that one!); why the kidnaper wasn't caught at the ferry by the "cordon"; why he wasn't caught by his subscription to the Home News; how one could force a window with a right-angled chisel; why it was "none of your business" to follow Hauptmann from that bus; why, if you knew him then, you failed to identify him in the police line-up; and why, on all the things that Hauptmann was supposed to have handled, there was not a single fingerprint of his. I am a 263-per-cent American, but Scotland Yard would have solved that case in sixty days.—*M. E. F.*

Chicago, Ill.—In Dr. John F. Condon's article, Jafsie Tells All, he portrays himself as an unassuming, patriotic altruist. Then, despite his resolutions, prayers, and altruistic tendencies, he, like many another petty headline hunter, seeks the mecca of the famous—the stage. To every thinking person the mere thought of capitalizing upon such a tragedy is abominable.—*Maurice R. Levinson.*

Arlington, Mass.—Having just read Jafsie Tells All, I am beginning to change my view about that Hauptmann case. (As if anybody cares!)

How people can believe such a conceited, vain, stupid, self-glorifying, flag-waving windbag is beyond the power of imagination.—*Albert Fletcher.*

Hollywood, Calif.—To my way of thinking, the Fourth Estate, or newspaper world, is entirely responsible for the crime of the Lindbergh killing.

From the evidence offered, Hauptmann is as guilty as hell. But I also think that no person should go to the chair on circumstantial evidence.—*Tom Herbert.*

THE PIKER TOWNSEND PLAN

Russellville, Ark.—There is no doubt but that Dr. Townsend has a great plan; but why go into such a good thing in such a small way? Two per cent is such a trifle, and it will give all persons over sixty $200 a month. Why not make it 4 per cent and take care of persons over forty, or 6 per cent and take in everybody over twenty? Better still, make it 8 per cent and give every one $200 a month.

Every one would then have to quit their jobs to spend all this money, and just think of all the money that would be saved in salaries by both industry and the government! This alone would darn near foot the bill.

And besides that, what the hell is 8 per cent to a guy that is getting $200 a month?

Yours for bigger and better plans.—*Masker.*

Camino, Calif.—The total amount that has been spent on the Townsend movement to date approximates one half million dollars, or about one third the amount spent by the utilities companies to defeat the Utilities Bill! —*R. W. Clothier.*

JOE LOUIS TEACHES HIS FOES

Chicago, Ill.—Having read and enjoyed the Joe Louis article in November 23 Liberty, and also noticing that letter in January 18 Vox Pop from the manager of Young Stuhley, I knew you'd be highly interested (as I was) in this bit from Marvin McCarthy's Tittle and Tattle column in the Chicago Times of January 5:

"Tom Beaupré, twenty-two-year-old puncher of fistic cattle from Dallas, Texas, walked into the Chicago Stadium's 'white bomber' heavyweight tournament with only one thing to say for himself: 'I have been reading and rereading Joe Louis's magazine story, Murder with Gloves, and trying to learn to fight like him from it.' Beaupré walked out of his first tourney fight a sensational victor and overnight favorite to win the elimination which actually may produce an opponent for Louis months hence. And he *did* flash a style like that of the 'Murderer with Gloves'! Fiction could not touch it if some day the man to conquer Louis did turn out to be the kid who stole Joe's stuff out of the storybook."

How's that for high?—*Tim Dooley.*

92 TRILLION ERGS A DAY!

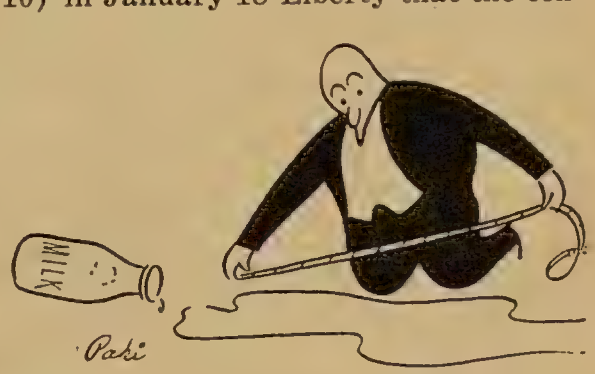
New Hampton, Ia.—In Not One in a Thousand Knows (January 18 Liberty) E. G. Conklin says that a calorie is the amount of heat necessary to raise one gram of water one degree centigrade, and that we eat 2,200 calories per day. However, the calorie used in measuring food value is 1,000 times as great as the small calorie which Mr. Conklin described.

Thus, a larger calorie contains 41,800,000,000 ergs, which, multiplied by 2,200, would give us nearly 92 trillion ergs a day instead of a few billion.

Please have Mr. Conklin live on 2.2 large calories for a week!—*E. Heinmiller.*

YARD OF MILK

Grand Rapids, Mich.—One learns from the Twenty Questions (Number 10) in January 18 Liberty that the contents of the average hen's egg weighs two *fluid* ounces. Can you tell us the area of a yard of milk?—*Lon Middleton.*



WOMEN ON THE AIR

Montpelier, Vt.—Lady radio announcers are a washout because they sound "affected and unnatural." And, furthermore, I see that Dr. Gordon

Allport of Harvard and Dr. Hadley Cantril of Teachers College, Columbia University, after a survey, have gone on record to the effect that only vulgar vaudeville female voices are favored over the air. The more uncouth they are, the better they're liked.

As for me, I wish there were no women on the radio. The sopranos pierce your brain with yowling, while the deeper-toned belles sound so much like sissified men that I often think they are!

In plays given on the radio the girls are fair enough, though I would say that three quarters of them are artificial in voice and have terrible diction. And God save us from women making speeches on the air!—*Noel Ward.*

HI-DE-HO GIRLS

HAPEVILLE, GA.—This is a reply to the letter of Miss Hi-de-Ho, who states, in January 11 Vox Pop, that honesty and virtue never get a girl any place except a corner at home where she may twiddle her thumbs.

If the mass mind ran in the same channels as that of Miss Hi-de-Ho, and the populace acted accordingly, there would be a revulsion of nature and another civilization would mysteriously disappear as countless others have before ours.

Frankly, I've hi-de-hoed around with quite a few hi-de-ho girls, but I have yet to meet one that I would be willing for my children to call mother. However, I am knocking on wood. I might go to the altar with a hi-de-ho girl—other men have been fooled—but if I did marry one and discovered she had been a hi-de-hoer—and discover it I would if true—there would be another mysterious disappearance of a bridegroom and another p. d. q. case of Reno-vation!—*Novus Homo.*

SCHOOLING . . . HOKUM? OH, MR. DOAN!

TACOMA, WASH.—Do you, Mr. R. E. ('Tisn't So) Doan, realize that your amazing contradictions of American history as it is taught in the public schools will have our children believing that all schooling is a lot of hokum?

Please, Mr. Doan, limit your 'Tisn't So's to things that are more important.—*Minard R. Haines.*

ONE THOUSAND FLYING BOMBS...

ISHPEMING, MICH.—Did it ever occur to Mr. Macfadden that Japan (see his January 18 editorial, One Thousand Flying Bombs Could Destroy Our Cities) is only one out of a possible three or four Powers who would gladly take this country?

England would gladly reclaim us; France would not refuse the idea of conquest; Germany, with Hitler, would take us at any expense. Why not?

If Japan is so well versed in military tactics and has such a high fever of patriotism, and if our country is so defenseless, why don't the Japanese attack?—*H. J.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wonder if Mr. Bernarr Macfadden thinks Americans are going to sit on roof tops, twiddling thumbs, watching a shower of suicide bombs from Japan!

The fact that we are not a military-drunk people doesn't mean that we're already doomed.

Wars are not declared spontaneously but usually after long and many misunderstandings.

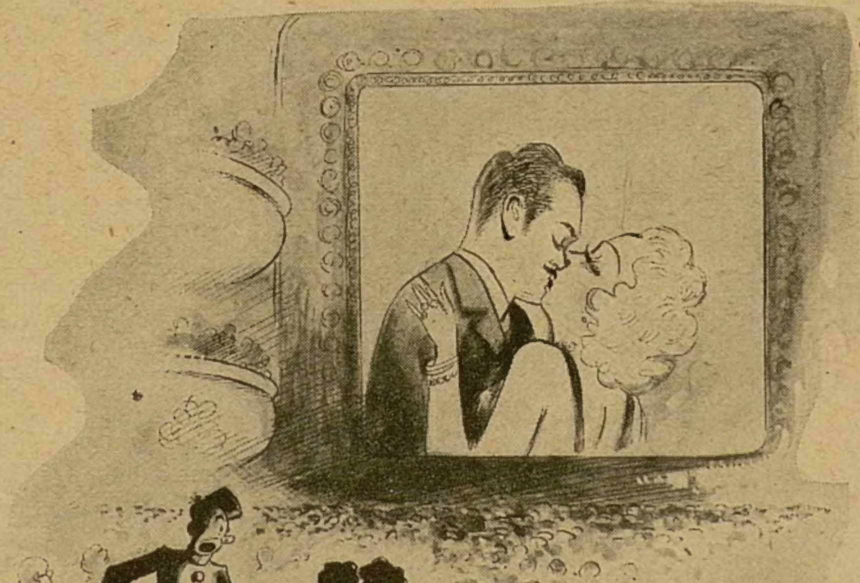
Such drawn-out delays give a country ample time for preparations, especially the United States, with all its resources and facilities. Besides, we are not as defenseless as Mr. Macfadden might think, nor do I believe any hostile nation would care to make such aggression. We're not Ethiopia.—*Irving Wolf.*

MEMORIES OF DANSVILLE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Often the picture of the Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York, appears on the last page of Liberty, and when it does it brings back memories of the winter of 1918 when this institution was U. S. A. Hospital No. 13. There were about 200 enlisted men stationed there with Lieutenant Colonel Dubon Bondurant in command. Approximately 200 patients were quartered there—casualties from overseas.

I have a photograph showing the enlisted men and patients seated in the very large dining room, about to partake of the Christmas dinner.

Are there any other former soldiers who were there, and are readers of Liberty, who recall some of the incidents which occurred?—*Paul B. Schroeder.*



"Sorry, but that's not allowed in this theater."

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN AND FATHER DIVINE

CAMDEN, N. J.—Until Governor Hoffman grabbed the spotlight in the Hauptmann reprieve move I thought my goat was tied to the stake for good and all. But he set it loose and it has been stuffing itself with newspapers ever since.

And it almost blew up in unspeakable rage when it came to digest the news, in conjunction with the Hauptmann publicity, that Hoffman was also playing along with Father Divine.

Talk about your opportunism! Look here: At a recent meeting held in New York by that black fanatic's followers, at which they speechified about lining up some 20,000,000 voters for the "right kind of President," a telegram was read from Governor Hoffman in which he regretted his inability to be present!

It doesn't take any seer to see that our New Jersey governor has his weather eye on the White House; but, take it from me, he'd get to the moon quicker on the back of a goose! —*P. O. W.*

FOR LIGHTHEADS

BLACKSBURG, VA.—Give us something easy in Liberty, so lightheaded folks like myself will stand a chance to get a prize. I think I have tried every contest that ever came out in Liberty, and can't get a prize.

I must be awful dense.

Quite a few years ago a New York paper had its readers make blots of ink on white paper by putting drops on a piece of paper and pressing it. The most fanciful blot got the first prize. I might, by way of accident, get a prize for something like that. I do wish I could win something. So please put out a real simple contest.—*Mrs. Paul B.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—William T. Fletcher was held in jail on suspicion of having robbed Mrs. Mildred Ferguson of her watch. Police Captain Clyde Dugger said that Fletcher swallowed the tiny wrist watch as the officer approached to arrest him. An X-ray photograph, taken at the Police Hospital, disclosed the timepiece in Fletcher's stomach.

CHICAGO, ILL.—One or two bandits who held up Edward Lagoski, taking his car and thirty-five dollars, carried an umbrella to ward off the rain as they carried out their crime.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The secret of how he concealed money from his wife was divulged in Federal Court by Thomas David, Warm Springs Indian, who faced parole revocation.

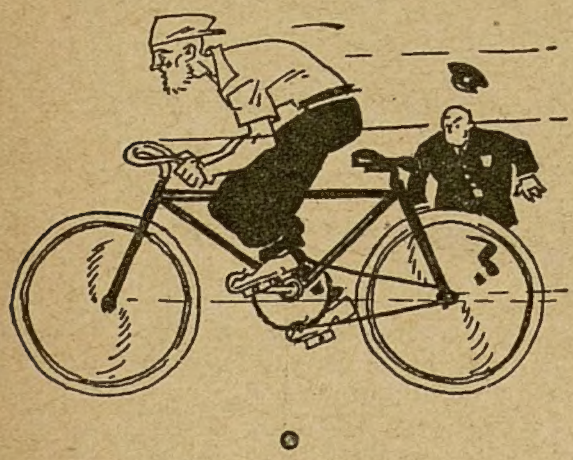
"She searched me, but she didn't find it," he said, "because I had on two pairs of pants and the money was in the bottom pair."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Los Angeles County's Republican supervisors approved naming a new thoroughfare New Deal Ave.—when they found it was a dead-end street. The supervisors said space for turning around at the dead end would be provided "so that those who enter may find their way out."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—When the case of Steve Richard came up in District Court, Officer John Brophy asked an adjournment, explaining:

"The lock on his cell is jammed and we haven't been able to get him out."

TONAWANDA, N. Y.—Albert Miltner, sixty-five, was taken to City Court on a charge of speeding—on a bicycle.



Lucky Omens

Dark moths flying around a light is a warning to be careful what you say or do during as many days as there are moths.

To hear singing sounds in any machinery is a good omen as regards any matter in hand.

A new garment spoiled is a warning not to trust a new friend too far.

—*Roy L. McCardell.*

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Give me liberty or give me less debt.

--*Herbert Hoover.*

CONTENTS

Short Stories

The Man Who Tried the Townsend Plan ... Channing Pollock 5

Heir Apparent ... Josephine Bentham 14

A Small Detail—Liberty's Short Short ... Edwin Anthony 52

Serials

Double Indemnity—Part III ... James M. Cain 26

Jafsie Pays the Ransom—Part VII ... Dr. John F. Condon 34

Stormy Hearts—Part VI ... Eli Colter 42

Articles

Must a Secretary Have Sex Appeal? ... Faith Baldwin 12

A novelist famous for her stories of romance in business ponders the pros and cons of a much-debated question

To Hell and Back ... Hoyt Decker as told to George Randall McCormack 21

The first American soldier wounded and captured in the war contributes a vivid sequel to Liberty's Shoot and Be Damned!

Basehits, Incorporated ... A Major-League Club Owner as told to Jerry D. Lewis 48

Are big-league ball clubs gold mines? Here, from one who knows, are facts and figures that may surprise you

The Constitution of the United States ... 53

Features

Editorial ... Bernarr Macfadden 4

Not One in a Thousand Knows ... E. G. Conklin 10

Twenty Questions ... 20

Fashion Flashes from Paris ... Doramiller 37

Crossword Puzzle ... 40

To the Ladies! ... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 41

Good Books ... Oliver Swift 47

Simple, Sentimental, Speedy—Movie reviews ... Beverly Hills 50

$2,000 Geography Contest ... 59

Vox Pop ... 60

It Happened In— ... 62

COVER BY CARL PFEUFER

THE NEW ROMANCE IN CLARK GABLE'S LIFE

Clark Gable gets married every seven years, says Frederick L. Collins. Accordingly he's due for a third merger in 1937. Who will it be? Why did his other marriages crash? Will this new one prove lasting? There's a quality about this remarkable Gable story that will get you, regardless of gender. Next week in Liberty with the colorful Clark Gable cover.

IS MUSSOLINI'S POWER CRUMBLING?

Is Mussolini stronger or weaker as his campaign in Ethiopia progresses? What is his true situation at home? In the colonies? What will happen if the attempted conquest fails? Jay Franklin contributes a keen-minded analysis of Il Duce's political predicament you should not miss next week in Liberty.

ALSO LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE conducted by Major Bowes—THREE ON AN ISLAND by Beatrice Grimshaw—YOU'RE THE DOCTOR! by Peter Paul O'Mara—DOUBLE INDEMNITY by James M. Cain—STORMY HEARTS by Eli Colter—OTHER FACT, FICTION, AND FEATURES.

"JAFSIE"
CONTINUES HIS SENSATIONAL
SECRETS OF THE HAUPTMANN CASE
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED!

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

FOUR TIMELY SELF-HELP BOOKS ONE OF THEM MAY HELP YOU TO REALIZE YOUR AMBITION

The Student's Handbook
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG?
A.B.C. SHORTHAND
Walter Hanlon
BREAKING INTO ADVERTISING

The Student's Handbook, including A B C SHORTHAND, edited by William Allan Brooks. Here is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering college—geographical index listing $42,000,000 of student loan and scholarships and where to apply—spare time work for college students (300 practical suggestions)—mistakes often made in examinations—after high school, what?—after college, what?—business or profession—ten desirable timely professions. If you are planning on or hoping for higher education this book can help you. If you are the parents of ambitious children, no gift you could give them would be more welcome. Substantially cloth bound, 318 pages—**$1.89.**

So You Want To Write A Song—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association, Editor "Melody Magazine." The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**$1.00.**

A B C Shorthand—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons. By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs nor symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—**$1.00.**

(Included complete in THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK. *Do not purchase if you buy* THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK.*)*

Breaking Into Advertising—"The Beginner Lands a Job," by Walter Hanlon, tells how to get a job in the advertising business. If you are ambitious to enter the advertising field this new and extremely practical book by the advertising manager of a group of great, nationally circulated magazines can save you weeks and months of fruitless search for a desirable connection. Gives you a practical understanding of advertising—describes kinds of jobs for which beginners can qualify—do's and don't's for beginners—also personal messages from many prominent advertising men and women telling how they got started. Inspirational, practical, helpful. Beautifully and substantially bound—**$1.75.**

Use the Coupon today. Money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC. Dept. L2-29
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $.......... for which kindly send me the book or books checked below. I understand my money will be refunded, provided any book does not prove satisfactory.

☐ The Student's Handbook $1.89 ☐ Breaking Into Advertising $1.75
☐ A B C Shorthand $1.00 ☐ So You Want To Write A Song $1.00

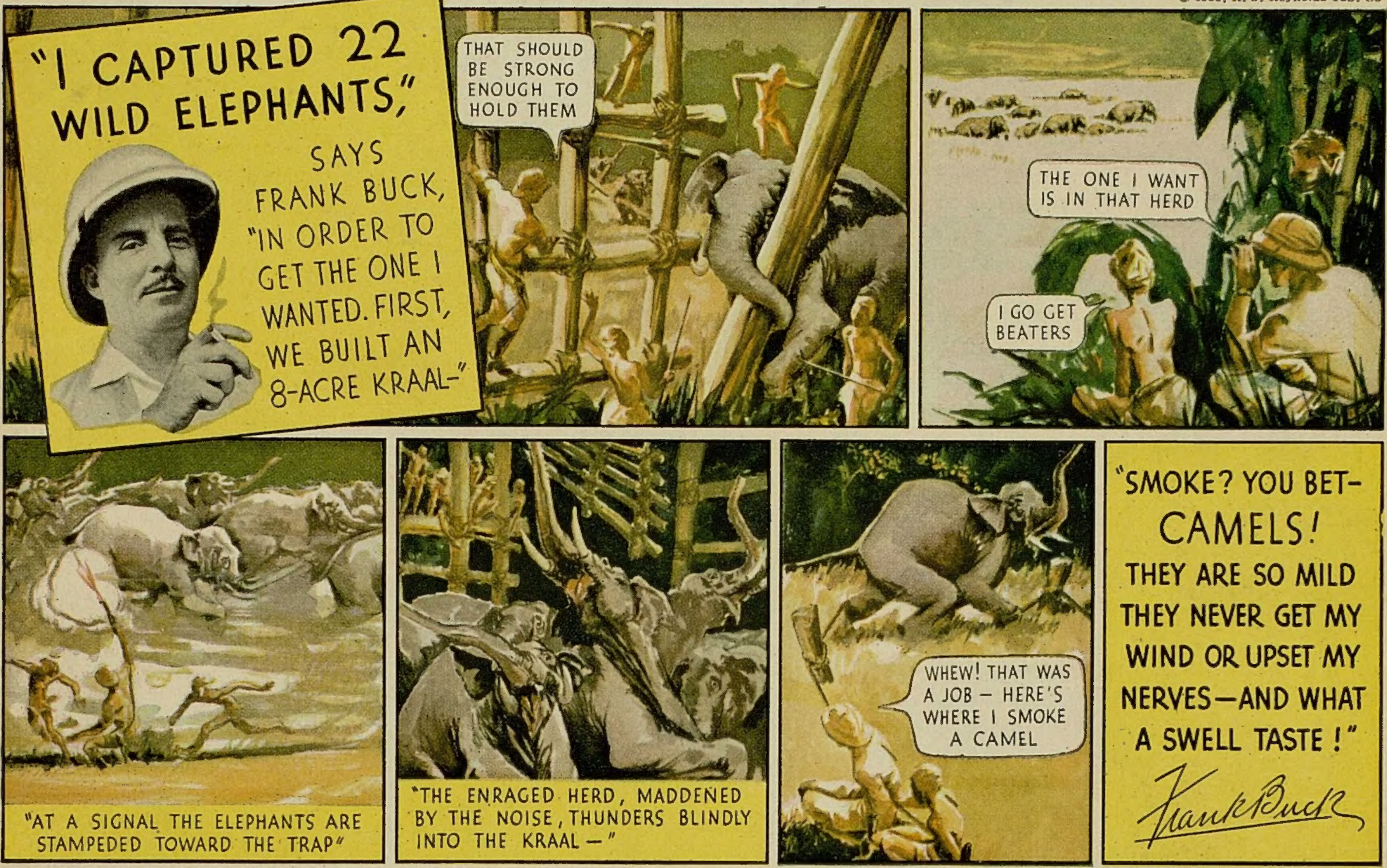
Name..

Street..

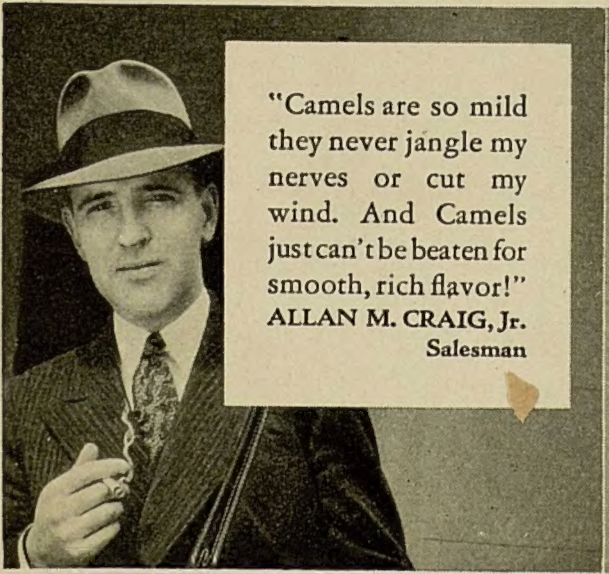
City.................................State...........

"Camels NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co


"I CAPTURED 22 WILD ELEPHANTS," SAYS FRANK BUCK, "IN ORDER TO GET THE ONE I WANTED. FIRST, WE BUILT AN 8-ACRE KRAAL–"
THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM
THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD
I GO GET BEATERS
"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"
"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL –"
WHEW! THAT WAS A JOB – HERE'S WHERE I SMOKE A CAMEL
"SMOKE? YOU BET– CAMELS! THEY ARE SO MILD THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES—AND WHAT A SWELL TASTE!"
Frank Buck

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!



"Camels are so mild they never jangle my nerves or cut my wind. And Camels just can't be beaten for smooth, rich flavor!"
ALLAN M. CRAIG, Jr.
Salesman

"Camels have such a mild flavor. And, no matter how many I smoke, Camels never throw my nerves out of tune."
MRS. R. W. SAYLES
Housewife

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE • DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING • GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E. S. T., 8 p.m. C.S.T., 9:30 p.m. M.S.T., and 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.